NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE
U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Public Health Service
Bethesda, Md.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE
Health, Education, and Welfare, Public Health Service
U.S. Department of Bethesda, Md.

Shakespeare, William
153 497

HAMLET,

A

DRAMATIC PRELUDE;

IN

FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES RUSH, M. D.

AUTHOR OF 'THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN VOICE.'

96057
LIBRARY.

PHILADELPHIA:
KEY & BIDDLE, 23, MINOR STREET.
1834.

WZ
350
R955h
1834

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1834, by James Rush, M. D., in the clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

J. Crissy & G. Goodman, 4, Minor street.

32-5

TO THE READER.

Though no one cares why an author writes or publishes his book, he is generally thoughtless enough to tell the motive. But as I here promise the reader a medical preface to a Play, he may through curiosity alone be tempted to read it.

At the close of a work of Physiological inquiry, on the subject of the human voice, conducted upon a rigid system of observative analysis, and printed more than seven years ago, I stated that I had been engaged in an endeavor to apply the same strict method of philosophy to the subject of Practical Medicine; with the view, if possible, to obviate some of the evils of the wasted experience, profitless logic, and changeful errors of my profession.

Notwithstanding the favorable reception of that work, by those who perceive that an exact and practical system of Elocution must be founded on a definite division and description of the vocal elements;—I much regret, in reference to the design of future labors more than to the work itself, that the habit of theorizing in medicine has made the profession, either averse or indifferent to the strict method of inquiry which that work was intended to illustrate. I certainly did address it to physicians, as a pure instance of an Observative Logic, if I may so call it; and of its productive results, when applied to the investigation of those delicate functions of the voice, which some of the highest authorities in science, had incautiously pronounced to be utterly unassignable by analysis or rule. I hoped that success in a research which had thus been considered one of the forlorn hopes of philosophy, might serve in this age of medical pretension and professorial trifling, as

an examplary proof of what could be accomplished in Pathology, by directing the patient zeal of science to the labors of observation alone; and thereby to assist in turning the current of inquiry and instruction from its present course of bewildered speculation and theoretic absurdity. Herein, however, I have been disappointed; for by making the sure and uncontentious Logic of the Senses, so to call it, the antipode to the fictional dialectic of the schools, I found I had set the happy result of that logic, entirely out of sight, on the other side of the medical world. It may indeed be true, as satirically said, that mankind are all weather-cocks:—but then they will turn in their own way; and their heads are not to be brought about, in the usual manner of a wind-gage, by directing the current of argument against the opposite end of their belief. They say,—if you would persuade a skeptic that black is white, you must begin by telling him it is gray. Under a necessity somewhat similar, I find that all my hopes of a favorable hearing by the medical profession, in the work of strict observation which I have in hand, must rest on some contrivance of compromise between fancy and fact. For it seems to be one of the rules of faith in our art, that every truth must be helped into belief by some persuasive fiction of the school. And I here owe it to the general reader to confess, that as far as I know, the medical profession can scarcely produce a single volume in its practical department, from the works of Hippocrates down to the last made text-book, which, by the requisitions of an exact philosophy, will not be found to contain nearly as much fiction as truth.

This may seem so severe a charge against both the pride and logic of our art, that I crave a moment of digression upon it.

There are tests for all things. Now, a dangerous epidemic always shows the difference between the strong and the weak, the candid and the crafty, among physicians. It is equally true that the same occasion displays, even to the common observer, the real condition of their art:—whether its precepts are exact or indefinite, and its practice consistent or contradictory. Upon these

points, and bearing in mind—that we have now in medicine, the recorded science and practice of more than two thousand years, let the reader refer to the proceedings of the medical profession, during the prevalence of the so called 'Asiatic cholera,' and he will find their history every where exhibiting, an extraordinary picture of prefatory panic, vulgar wonder, doubt, ignorance, obtrusive vanity, plans for profit or popularity, fatal blunders, distracting contradictions, and egregious empiricism:—of twenty confounding doctors called in consultation, to mar the sagacious activity of one;—of ten thousand books upon the subject, with still an unsatisfied call for more;—of experience fairly frightened out of all his former convictions;—and of costly missions after moonshine, returning only with clouds.

Now I do assert, that no art which has a sufficiency of truth, and the least logical precision, can ever wear a face so mournfully grotesque as this. In most of the transactions of men, there is something like mutual understanding and collective agreement, on some points at least; but the history of the cholera, summed up from the four quarters of the earth, presents only one tumultuous babel of opinion, and one unavailable farrago of practice. This even the populace learned from the daily gazettes; and they hooted at us accordingly. But it is equally true, that if the inquisitive fears of the community were to bring the real state of professorial medicine to the bar of public discussion, and thus array the vanity and interests of physicians in the contest of opinion, we should find the folly and confusion scarcely less remarkable, on nearly all the other topics of our art.

Whence comes all this? Not from exact observation, which assimilates our minds to one consenting usefulness:—But from fiction;—which individualizes each of us to our own solitary conceit, or herds us into sects, for idle or mischievous contention with each other;—which leads to continual imposition on the public, in as much as fictions, for a time, always draw more listeners than truth;—which so generally gives to the mediocrity of men, and sometimes even to the palpably weak, a lead-

ing influence in our profession;—and which helps the impostures of the advertising quack, who being an unavoidable product of the pretending theories of the schools, may be called—a physician with the requisite amount of fictions, but without—respectability.*

* The sketch of the medical history of the cholera given above, in illustration of the fictional and distrusted condition of our art, is true in most points, of the professional transactions in Philadelphia, during the epidemic of Eighteen hundred and thirty-two. And I presume it happened elsewhere as here, that the sanatory affairs were conducted by a chosen assemblage of the highest Municipal authorities, and the first intelligence, learning, and skill of the Faculty.

I am thus reluctantly obliged to refer to these high official facts and examples, in order to show, *a fortiori*, what the entire condition of our art must be. And I shall greatly regret if my argument should be otherwise regarded; since for many of the individuals who fell into the error and confusion of that period, I have much personal respect and esteem. If a distinction can be drawn, their faults were less their own than those of the system of medicine they follow;—a system of distracting words and notions, which, even with the warning recollections of the last epidemic, would not serve them better in a thousand to come.

Other places may answer for the part they took in the fright and fatality of the Cholera; But I am inclined to believe that the then special empiricism of Philadelphia, as well as a general depreciation in the character of its medical emulation and success, that we all see and must suffer under, is ascribable, in part, to the manner in which our profession has, in this city, for more than twenty years past, been governed. The leading medical institution of Philadelphia, which by its lucrative professorships, must hold out rich temptation to the scrambling of interest and the intrigues of ambition, and which by the policies incident to such a state of things, is enabled to give the tone of intellect and morals to the mass of the profession, has, for a quarter of a century, been directed by a self-electing Board, composed principally of Members of the Bar; with an utter exclusion of physicians.

Accident sometimes steps into folly,—folly into habit,—habit into the feeling of natural right. And so it is, that the Trustees of our medical school have really brought themselves to an advocates's conviction, that physicians are not the best judges of the higher quali-

But to return. It has been so long the habit of medical faith, to receive the notions of theory together with the facts of observation, that it cannot even conceive the possibility of their separation. It was on the ground of this habit, so early fixed, that the Greek mythology assigned the arts of medicine and poetry to the same tutelary God. Yet Apollo himself seems to have fairly

ties of teachers in their own art: and by long acting under this conviction, it is not beyond possibility that they may at last bring about that degraded condition of the Faculty, which their contemptuous rule over it now presupposes. It often happens, that the most striking instances of the ridiculous are the result of unsuccessful attempts at the sublime. And certainly, the grave sittings and counsels of a body of eighteen Lawyers, four Divines, and two Manufacturers, upon the affairs of medicine, without even one physician, merely to help them in technical pronunciation, must now and then turn a broad laugh into the sleeve of some among them, who have not by the gradual thievery of custom, lost all perception of this monstrous incongruity, between their ability and the duties of their office.

Ignorance in office is an awkward thing,—a dangerous thing,—and a slavish thing:—for it aims to act what it cannot conceive;—it must frequently act wrong;—and knowing nothing of its duty, it may become the tool of Cunning, who always knows his. And thus in a presumptuous attempt to administer the affairs of medicine by incompetent agents, the ruling counsel may be some self-interested contribution, with the twofold consequence of a back-stair government.——The misleading counsellors escape responsibility, and the unconscious agents remain incorrigible.

If I here speak unacceptably, it is with a right to speak on this subject. For though a quiet but contented devotion to labors, of future efficacy as I hope, in my profession, has placed me beyond the desire for its official honors, I am, through the exercise of daily duties as a practitioner, still within the influence of its common rights and its wrongs. And the total exclusion of physicians from even a part in the direction of their own schools of medicine, is a flagrant and preposterous act of usurpation which might call for the light of further inquiry, if the glaring sense itself of the question, now it is broached, should not sufficiently illuminate it.

Unfortunately for the precision and progress of medicine, it it a popular art. Colleges and such institutions can be no otherwise

distinguished the branches of his patronage. Since we never find him risking the lives of his votaries, by calling the Muses into consultation at the high temple of Epidaurus; nor shocking the good society of Immortals, by cautions against dyspepsia, in the court of Parnassus: thus signifying—that, physic added to fiction would make poetry nauseous; and that the fancies of the poet

useful to it, than by exerting their senatorial influence, if I may so call it, in behalf of those, who being by originality and independence capable of effecting its reformation and advancement, are yet obnoxious to that popular favor which gives success to the mere politic and whim-watching practitioner.

But if the patronage of chartered institutions is to be entrapped by the vulgar baits of ambition:—If any thing in a First-of-April suit, is likely to be caught up by mistake for the succinct enrobing of science:—If professor,—First,—Second,—and Third is to be chosen respectively from the North, the South, and the West, merely to secure, like political weight, the profitable pupilage of districts:—If professors are to be allured into service, for the purpose, if I may use the poacher's phrase, of crippling a rival institution:—If one is to be chosen because he votes the right side in politics;—another because he has the support of a religious sect;—a third to prevent the desertion of an indispensable myrmidon;—and last but not least, —a fourth, because his cousin's wife is the favorite niece of an influential manager. If all this should be done, it may indeed be no more than the worldly way and means of so many other undertakings that evade their promises implied, and slip their obligatory duty. But such medical patronage can do no more than entrench beyond all means of dislodgment, except ultimate self destruction, the mercenary interests and manœuvering policies of the every-day ambition and ability of our art.

I may be wrong in the event, yet I am willing to make myself responsible to time, by the following conditional prophecy.

There are now some eight or ten medical schools in the United States; severally varying in their annual classes from thirty, to three hundred and fifty. Without valuing here, the youthful pupils' admiration of the unparalleled talents of their respective masters; and apart from that especial slang of the day about 'splendid genius,' and 'gigantic minds;'—it seems, from the dead level of scholastic medicine, that the intellectual character, with regard to scientific originality and to the accomplishments of learning, is about the

added to physic, would make the delirium of science dangerous.

But as the present fashion of the medical schools will have both facts and fictions, whilst good taste and safety forbid the union, I am not unwilling to try to reconcile the difference between them.

In the execution of this purpose, I shall strictly adhere

same in all: the fancy and the fact of each being compiled from the same common materials of the art. Thus there may be very distinguished teachers of medicine in Boston: yet I believe it must be allowed that there are quite as good in the four schools of Philadelphia. Indeed the disinterested and intelligent admit the like equality among the whole. And so, I venture to predict, they will remain, whilst that mode of special policy and general supervision, which has made them equal, shall continue.

But the first of those ten schools, which by design or accident shall employ professors, and a better taste will breed such, whose powers of observation can penetrate to the unrecorded phenomena, and compass the broad relationships of science;—who can find so much newness in nature, that they need not ape originality by perpetual vaccilations in opinion;—who have not served so long at the table of the times, that they cannot relish, and dare not offer unsavory truth;—who can hold their stedfast—No, for a public benefit, when that public would set them in golden honor for saying—Yes, to its injury;—who have grown into respect with the wise, by steady reliance on themselves; and who are not, when summoned to the all-requiring labors of fame, already half eaten up in character, by cancerous schemes for reputation.—I say, the first school that shall have the cunning forecast so to endow itself, though it may be at present the very dog-tail of them all, will soon be raised on high, as the Cynosure of American medicine. And like Aaron's serpent, as an emblem of our art, shall swallow up the serpents of those popular magicians, who in emulation, shall continue to play their theoretic sleights of instruction on the world.

There never has been a school distinguished for strength or brilliancy of fame, without one or more professors of this character; and there cannot be. The multitudinous and lower house of the world, which yet contains 'many mansions' of rank and learning, will never advance such men to medical stations. But if there is yet a senate in science, and if it has not in truckling policy, gone down to a joint sitting with the popular branch,—that senate should.

to my own resolution, by endeavoring, in its proper place, to fulfil the duties of philosophic exactness; whilst I consent to humor the dreaming of medical sectaries, by giving them my mode of fiction too: showing however so much respect to good order, as to keep the fancy and the fact entirely distinct from each other. Thus perhaps the Thousand-and-one lecturers of the day, with their Arabian tales of medicine, by finding I have furnished my quota of fable, may be induced to put off the doom, that would otherwise await any unromantic history of nature which I may hereafter offer to them.

In thus separating the hitherto indissoluble compound of medical instruction, I have chosen to form the amount, corresponding to its fabulous portion, into a Drama; that as I elsewhere, with the accuracy of observative science, shall endeavor to describe the works of nature, I may, with contrast both of matter and means, here employ my imagination upon the virtues, the vices, and the follies of men. I now separately publish first my imaginations; in hopes that the placable members of the profession, through this antedating of an equivalent for its customary fancies, may be the better disposed to receive from me hereafter, the otherwise revolting novelty, of a System of Medicine which shall profess to teach, only what the cultivated senses can appreciate.

I am aware that what I am here doing, may be considered by some greater puritan in philosophy than myself, as a sacrifice of better employment. But I live with the world that can outvote me: and as I thus bow down, in my own manner of dramatic pastime, to the poetical state of medical opinion, I must plead the necessity of the submission, whilst I endeavor to evade its mischievous abasement.—Like the case of that Theban Ambassador at the Court of Persia, who to accomplish his object and to save the disgrace of prostration, dropped his ring in the royal presence, as an apology to himself for stooping.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 18*th*, 1834.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Hamlet, *King of Denmark.*
Prince Hamlet, *son to the King.*
Claudius, *brother to the King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Osric, *a courtier.*
Marcellus, *an officer, friend to the Prince.*
Snudor, *a creature of Claudius.*
The Magister *of Wittenberg school.*
Horatio, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, } *Students at Wittenberg.*
Occleve, *a Danish poet.*
Arno, *a foreign poet, creature of Claudius.*
A Gipsy.
Bernardo, *an officer.*
Francisco, *a soldier.*
Furloe, *a demagogue.*
Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark.*
Ophelia, *daughter of Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Students, Citizens, Orators, Demagogues, Gipsy, Officer of Justice, Boy, Child, Servant, and other attendants.

Scene. *The first act at Wittenberg; the rest at Elsinore.* The time, *indefinite.*

REMARK.

The rythmus of this play does not altogether conform to the strict rule of iambic measure: but I have adopted the differences, because their effect is more agreeable to my ear. It has been a disputed point, whether the lines of English blank verse should be marked in reading, by what is called the final pause. When the current of versification is thus arrested, each line being in extent a similar prosodial clause, the repetition must produce a monotonous elocution. To obviate this effect, even as it might arise from the too frequent occurrence of a just grammatical pause at the end of the line, I have connected the syntax of successive lines more closely than is usual with dramatic writers. I have nevertheless regarded the rule of linear equality: but have endeavored to give syllables their measure in quantity, rather than their counting in accent. Hence the reader will often observe more than ten syllables in a line: Yet if time, and not mere *ictus* be kept in view, such lines will not be found of undue length.

Though I have freely used other prosodial feet that mingle agreeably with the iambic current, I have generally, except at grammatical pauses where the harshness is less perceptible, endeavored to avoid the shock produced by the reverse impression of the trochee. I have also avoided that customary, but unmeaning, and awkward use of an iambus at the beginning of a line, after a supernumerary unaccented syllable at the end of a preceding line. Thus the reader will perceive that where the sentence is continuous, the order becomes trochaic, and is so carried on until the use of some trissyllabic foot restores the measure to the iambic succession. Though, to the ear, the whole is essentially iambic.

In short, I have, upon the broader view of rythmus, aimed to please myself by a smooth but varied arrangement of syllabic Time and Accent, together with a construction of Clauses entirely distinct from the formal limitation of lines. Nay, were it not for the familiarity of the eye with the linear irregularity of versification, I would perhaps have made a solid page of the whole print of this play: Indeed, in a few of the scenes I have done this.

HAMLET,

A

DRAMATIC PRELUDE.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.

The Library of the school at Wittenberg. A Student discovered.

Enter a SECOND STUDENT.

Second Stu. When came Idleness, that hang-hand visiter,
To thee?

First Stu. Nay, 'tis the theme o'ermasters quite
My timeless industry.

Second Stu. And but for our
Lord Hamlet, whose intelligence is as
A star upon the bosom of his princely
Quality, I would needs be truant too.

First Stu. What
Baiting of the task hath noble Hamlet
Set, to catch thy time-starved memory?

Second Stu. Who shortens
Difficulty lengthens time; thus Hamlet hath,
With height of scholarship that ne'er o'erlooks
His heart, helped me out to less study, and our
Author to more sense.

Enter a third STUDENT.

Third Stu. Have you heard the news? [since
First Stu. That question was for time's beginning:
With common memory of this age-worn world,
Its news had well be painted thick, to set off
All his wrinkles.
Third Stu. Hear him then with his fresh
Childish face.—Lord Smatter, now high chancellor
Of learning, orders straight our Wittenberg
To strike that golden motto from her portal:—
WHO TEACHES SLOW AND DEEPLY, TEACHES SHORTLY BEST.
Second Stu. Why, how comes this?
Third Stu. Of an offensive league
Between unspeedy hurry and ambition, at
Whose order, old Instruction has declared
Annihilating war on time; and the first
Act of his lean generals—Abridgment and
Epitome, has been to seize and make a
Perfect scare-crow crop of knowledge.
First Stu. But will
Not this marching age of intellect take up
The cause? [ments
Third Stu. How can it march? The mind's equip-
Serve it now but for Reviews, wherein the
Pen rides cock-horse; and whilst all the mob of
Letters shout, he has Inspector-General's
Pay. The age has found, that with its empty
Magazines, it cannot war of darkness;
And enlisted by a penny-whim, forsooth,
Is ordered now to tip with light the common
Ear of ignorance; unmindful that such
Myriad stars are faint indeed, to the full
Day of intellectual brightness.
First Stu. In birthright
Wit, if not created equal,—this, the mind's
Agrarian, is perhaps to make us so.
Bring letters down, they say, to fill the business
Pocket of the world; and banish then your
Drone-aristocrats of Thought and Genius. [ing globe,
Third Stu. Though knowledge should canal the trad-

It must, from higher grounds, have freshening feeders
Still;—else all will dry or breed corruption.
Let us remember that this natural earth,
Through downtrod virtue, once was sunk within a
Deluge-depth. The world of Art, with its high
Places gone, may yet be drowned in shallowness.
Years may prove, that teaching all, as they would
Teach, is but to scatter scraps, and call up flocks
Of ill-digesting fools; whose leanness, starved
At last, may weep in vain for wisdom's aid,—
Ah, then gone by. Let learning's higher seats
Be cleansed of Puffs and Pensioners, and then
Be choicely filled, and that alone will spread
Cheap schooling: for our modes of mind are catching,
And thus they who set beneath upon life's
Footstool, seeing that the goodly robes of
Knowledge are not cloak to something else, will
Each as suits his place and means, take on the
Intellectual fashion. That rare mastership
Of mind which makes example fit, must come
Of time and toil, and various knowledge, deep
And laid to heart. But learning spread for trade
Or show, and smoothed, as now, to easiness,
Is but veneering science to a skin-deep
Surface;—cheap contrivance of the age, to
Hide the mean material both of pedagogue
And dunce.

Second Stu. Yet to credit men's own tongues, at
Rent within the praises of their partizans,
We've giants of the mind among us still.

Third Stu. Yes, Atlantean intellects,—so based on
Nothing. Like the light too of the world they
Shoulder, called up from obscurity by some
Almighty effort of a Speech: o'er good,
As it would seem, for this vile earth they're lent to;
Since by disappearing ere they die, they
Give blank proof of being translated. Great men,
Now-a-day, remind us of the jugglers;
You know not what becomes of them, when they
Are done exhibiting.

Enter a fourth STUDENT.

Fourth Stu. Throw down your tasks, and
Take your troubles up. Lord Hamlet holds his
Letters of recall to Denmark: So at once,
With hard unprefaced sorrow, we must meet,
For hasty parting with the Prince. It is our
Magister's command.
First Stu. Then break we here the
Argument, and straightway to the hall; that
Choice in our regret may find us there, ere
Cold obedience hit his punctual time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO *by the door in flat.*

Hor. I do believe you, my good Lord.
Ham. You may
Horatio, for this subject-hand is yet
Great king of his own unprevented choice;
And thus by seal, confirms thee first in office
Near my heart.
Hor. Sudden misfortunes catch on
Disbelief; and this thy condescension
Makes e'en sorrow soother of itself, in
Some hope-whispered argument—that yet thou
Wilt not leave us; or that once thy duties
Done at Elsinore will give thee back to
Wittenberg again.
Ham. I would as thou, that
Our regrets were fashion-maker to our
Wills; but serious certainty, that frowns on stay,
Looks from these orders, which at leisure
Thou mayest then peruse. [*Gives him letters.*
Hor. Thy growing confidence,
My Lord, makes larger still the gratitude
It made.
Ham. Thou'lt learn therein, the urgency of
My departure with th' appointed courier
Of the King,—one Snudor, as I read it.
Hor. Knew
You e'er the name in Denmark?

Ham. It does seem
To me I heard it once ; but in such sort,
Or he was much belied, that show'd the fellow's
Soul was fashioned loop-like, ready to catch
Upon temptation's hook. Yet now he's said, at
Court, where many services are in demand,
To be a very useful gentleman.
Hor. He
Bears a title either fair or foul: if fairly
He should use himself, why fair; but foul, if
Foully he should be misused of others.
Ham. Business of self-account, as I conclude,
Some gainful episode to his main mission,
Yet detains him at the neighboring village.
Hor. Ay, a useful gentleman; the very breed
Of such; twice useful,—to himself in serving
Others.
Ham. Thus a way-side lameness in his
Duty, makes a borrowed speed the bearer
Of his trust;—with word, that he'll be here anon.
Hor. And by his haste, my Lord, away as soon:
A guest of doubtful welcome—he who only
Comes, to go.
Ham. This new acquaintance breaks friendship,
So his visitation comes unluckily; how
It will go, old witness Time, the note-taker,
Shall tell, and I, his copier, will re-word
To thee.
Hor. Time, of all travellers my Lord,
Sees the most strangest things.
Ham. Therefore Horatio,
To be least a stranger to this most strangeness,
I have bethought me, on our riven ground
Of fellowship, to 'bate that sorrow with some
Hope-sought fancies of the future: a mere
Picture I may say. Well, as mere picture
We will hang it up.
You must remember,
For I noticed then, sly print was made on
Thy credulity, that in our walk of late,

We chanced to meet a gipsy-group. Some simple
Peasants, seeking love's futurities, or wealth,
Stood wasteful there of time and earnings, for
Prophecies of nothing worth, but that they matched
The well-guessed hopes of the consulter.
Hor. Would
You to them again, my Lord?
Ham. Think you, they
Loiter in the neighborhood?
Hor. They have so
Little purpose in their change, that it would
Far out-presage all their tricks of oracle,
To draw the chart of e'en their own tomorrow's
Wandering.
Ham. But Horatio, we might walk
Abroad, and thus chance-catch them as before.
Methinks I'd find them sooner now; for when
The heart hunts, then the foot treads everywhere.
Hor. Since faith, to thee my Lord, has come of late
In self-submission; my surrender, if
So seen at all, being forced bondage to the
World's great captor Solemn Mockery: I pray
Thee give thyself, who now sits patient in
The stocks of thy confessed conviction, some
Such friendly jeers, you gave that day to me.
Ham. As the persuasive time now weighs, Horatio,
I have that sober whim about me, which
The then facetious moment made but jest of.
And thus it is, that great, great man is ruled
By little, little humor. The meek unforward
Tongue of Destiny, though oft provoked, still holds
A kind forbearing silence ere fulfilment:
Therefore only did I chide, if friendly
Mirth could chide, thy scholar-ear, intently
Listening to the present-speechless future,
In all tenses dumb except its own. Yet
Faith, that often plays submissive bondman
To the will, grown viler as things do by
Servitude, turns spy upon the close-sealed
Issue of our separation; put by plea of

Dear temptation, thus to peep between the
Folded sheet of time.

Hor. Ay, but my Lord, you
Do forget your jest,—that from such grimy
Lips, the prophecies had needs be washed, ere
Pure expectants might afford them hope-room
Till completion.

Ham. In time's familiar walks,
The vulgar-shunning eye looks upward most,
To make its lowest courtesy; but let come
Cross-roads in life, vexation winks at vileness;
And bewildered pride, with his obsequious
Question of the way, is grateful even to
The beggar's favor. So my good Horatio,
Look upon thy friend as but a pattern, cut at
Random from the world; and though a jester
In his pride, yet still the creature of his
Needs, and needful now of any lips of
Prophecy. Then let him pair with thee, as long
In love, so now in thy late-gibed credulity.

Hor. Though I, my lord, might ask the aid of thy
Equipt philosophy, to convoy this my
Much o'errated weakness; yet with thy so
Well defended faith alone, we'll seek these
Wanderers out.

Ham. I follow thee Horatio,
But will not be behind thee in the errand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE SECOND.

The Country. A rude hovel partly concealed. Wittenberg College in the distance.

Enter SNUDOR.

Snu. Here will I pause. They say—repentance is
The child of pain: mine comes now of weariness;
So I repent me of my wasteful mercy
To yon breathless pair, that with strained traces

And with frequent halts, are yet but midway
Of the hill. Here, where no gossip-tale counts
Feigned humanity the largest fraction of
Fame's integer, what can it profit me, to
Be a hypocrite in tenderness to things
With speechless gratitude? There lies Wittenberg,—
Young Hamlet's school; more welcome, when the heart,
Taught merciless, may con its task of higher
Obduration, set against the princely
Inmate of those walls. I bear an Uncle's
Foul commission, wrapped within a Royal
Father's unsuspecting trust—more foul for
That—to call his son to Court. It is my
Agency, to tempt the youth to casualties
That may be fatal.—There's my needful pause!
I have ere now, done service of all sorts,
And put all faces on: have been a high-place
Pharaisee at meek alms-meetings: kept an
Almanac of power for timely note of
Risings and of settings, stitched to the manual
Of expedients for these, and other things
That these may be the sample of. Yet never
Have I whet my interests to the edge that
Might draw out for blood.
The voice that sometimes
Dialogues with self, now asks me what I
Am. I may indeed say—knave, yet add, how
This old coin of character, worn smooth by turns
Of give and take in craftiness, slips through the
Careless fingers of the world: But then—to
Be a murderer; or which is no less—make
Chance the villain, would be such new coinage
In my sins, that laid close home on conscience,
Might strike-in a fearful image there, and
Press sharp edges on the public palm. If I
Could think so long, as deeply, on this damned
Affair, I should not do it: but clutched conscience
Oft plays shiftful harlequin, and slips his
Condemnation.—Once more to my business.
This seems a woodman's hut. If I can find

A tenant here, I'll make the fellow serve
My purposes, as I have answered others'.
[*Enter a* GIPSY *on the back ground, leading a child, which he gives to an other Gipsy, at the door of the hovel.*
Gip. Take secret care of this. Our gipsy-trade
And haunt are known, and that will lend suspicion
Argument. [*They converse together.*
Snu. [*Aside.*] In congress with the great, I
Have a voice, by nature moved, by nurture
Seconded, and by engrossing interest
Carried through, with loud self-acclamation,
To servility. Here I'll wear the awkwardness
Of freedom off; and give my tongue, upon
This wretch, a trial of authority.
[*The other gipsy enters the hovel.*
This way,
Slave! Art thou a vagrant here, or what?
Gip. Thou'rt
Nearer in thy guess of trade than title.
Snu. Well
Then, fellow to the trade and tribe of misery,
I call thee.
Gip. Try again.
Snu. For some such name
Thou camest into the world; an unlike title
Would quite wrong thy christening. Come hither then
Without a name.
Gip. Thy lack of grace puts liar
On thy garb; and makes the ear's presumption
Bold to tell the eye, it holds no commerce
With a gentleman.
Snu. [*Aside.*] Why, he has somehow learned
Respect, or has a soul that claims it. New
Authority ill fits me, so I'll try my
Customed suit of serving.
Thy pardon, sir.
A stranger to this ground, and so to thee,
Was not unapt to read proud qualities, though
Scrawled so rudely, on thy outward character;

He therefore gave thee salutation's blunt
Regard, as with a fancy, caught of thy
Odd excellence, to know thee better.
Gip. To know
Me well, is but to know mankind and find
My sort. To know me better, let inquiry
Put his smoothest on. Now I, not knowing thee,
Here have thee witness 'gainst my ignorance;
And know thee all.
Snu. Thyself art more a riddle
Than thy words. Abroad in speech, where many a
Tongue would crouch. Unwilling to authority,
Where thousands less bereft, would ask opinion's
Very yes and no in alms.
Gip. Thou 'rt new to me
In thy particular; yet recognized by
Old sagacity's few private marks, to be
Of those who'll smile beneath the rod of some
Necessitous civility: but who as nature
Rules, put on another face, and show a
Weariness of decent discipline, by yawning
With their inborn grossness.
Snu. [*Aside.*] Good temper is
A winning helpmate to ambition; so
I'll shake resentful honor off.
Already
I'm a debtor to reproof; yet if thou'lt
Grant the grace of answer, I will make my
Needful questions double debtor to thy
Favor.
Gip. [*Aside.*] There's something in us sets the rule
Of give and take in courtesy.
Then say, with
Brief decorum.
Snu. Goest thou oft to Wittenberg?
Gip. As occasions serve, and will is master.
Snu. What knowest thou of the University?
Gip. It
May seem strange, but I have there, yes, many
Friends.

Snu. As knowledge mingles, sure thou might find
Companions every where; companions should
Be friends; so 'tis not strange.
Gip. No more of this.
Snu. That school of Wittenberg is plumed afar,
By depth of scholarship, and grace in arts.
Gip. It is so famous—that it cares not for
Its fame. It pays no pens for praise; yet with
Unconscious cunning, sends good works abroad
To buy up eulogy.
Snu. Then, as the world goes
Down of late, it would be well if all our
Princes, priests, and windy senators were entered
There; that wisdom in high places, merely
From its novelty, might wake the sense and be
The choice of nations.
Gip. That same reformation
Seems begun. One Prince they have already;
Who takes less honor from them than he gives.
Snu. What star is this of Royalty's dull night? Say!
Gip. Hamlet the Dane.
Snu. Why then thou knowest him!
Gip. Who
Know him not they shall: for his youthful promise
Has something of the morning in it; and
The high day must follow.
Snu. Has he not special
Friends among his school-fellows?
Gip. Ay, truly:
But, as the temperate and elective soul
Would have the dishes that it feasts on,—few
But choice. Rare spirits go by pairs; and he
Has found a mated heart in one Horatio.
Your flocks of friends with earnest amity, are
Birds of prey, sharp set for something: or if
Grouped of good will merely, are as sheep, that
Follow-on they know not why, and turn their
Backs as motiveless.
Snu. What of his courage?
Gip. As

Self confidence and honesty should always
Be,—ready and persisting righteously.
Snu. Is he
Suspicious?
Gip. Yes, with caution bred in evil
Times: eying your shopmen-friends that weigh out
Benefits; and scenting far, the dead cold air
Of selfishness that cannot echo them.
Of keenest ear, to brush a fool away
Upon the slightest buzzing of him: and
So counter-wary to the plots of villany,
That he at need, might fire the mine upon
The workers.
Snu. Is he true to his designs?
Gip. If he should ever sow his purposes, and
Then not reap them, 'tis with wilful stay, to
Let them run on to full-seasoned ripeness;
Which, should they fall ungathered, argues less
Ill husbandry, than some o'ersight of wisdom's
Harvest time.
Snu. Besides Horatio, come other
Danish youth to Wittenberg?
Gip. Yes, Rosencrantz
And Guildenstern.
Snu. How sorts the Prince with these?
Gip. That thou mayest ask of them. They keep
their actions
For occasion's eye, and as he winks, do
Hold things right or wrong; taking quick thereby
The cue of thrift, in enmity or friendship.
Snu. Howe'er thy knowledge comes, thy answers
More questions than they satisfy. I have [prompt
Much else to ask, as native to my theme:—
But see! the Post has gained the height and waits.
Here, take this for thy need.
Gip. I asked but for
Civility; and thus give thee mine, for nothing.
Snu. I'll treasure thy unvalued words;—Farewell.
[*Aside.*] He holds them lightly; I their weight can tell.
[*Exit Snudor.*

Gip. Now is some cursed wind of mischief up,
And there the feather flies, some vulture's moult
Perhaps, that tells its kind and quarter. I
Am not altogether what I seem: My
Outcast fortune, taking prideless refuge
With yon vagrant crew, has shown dumb scholarship
In that dog-ear'd lesson of the world,—to serve
Myself,—titled by prudence to a virtue.
How comes it then, that with those vices, so
By cold untempted caution called, which thus
Have brought me to my ruin, there should join
Unwasted goodness still,—to serve another.
Both name and kin of mine hold rank and rule,
At an abandoned home. It is not pride
In these, which even the discarded cherish,
That still honors duty: since all human
Glory, valued but when waited for, has long
Gone by with me. 'Tis fellow man, more fellow
Then, when stripped of his dissocial interests
Down to self, that stirs this sympathy; and in
The lees of an untoward bosom, shows us
There the unconsumed pearl. Prince Hamlet
Seems a special mark; it cannot be fair
Aim. A traveller here, of no undestined
Guise, shows ignorant, yet knows, unprompted,
How to ask so much: and asks of him whom
He would not, if this same case were one of
Way-side idleness; or he believed, the questions
Might not die within a peasant's memory.
He has taught his oracle. Report has told me
Of this Royal youth: and my responses now
May suit another side as well as his.

[*As the* GIPSY *retires into the hovel,*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Hor. There, my Lord!
Ham. I said, Horatio, zeal does
Mostly make quick mastery.
Hor. 'Twas a hungry
Scent, and so came short upon the game. I

Well remember him; he is the Chief of them.

Ham. Then if he's wise he will remain the chief;
Being of a kind, unfavored by the world.
The world abhors free minds, Horatio. They
Come at times, to agitate the stagnant
Pool of its formality; and then instead of
Dipping in, to cleanse its leprous errors,
It drowns the very angel that gives virtue
To the waters.

Hor. 'Tis even so.

Ham. And 'tis
The cause that such a one as this, will live
In roofless fellowship among those righteous
Elements, which uncompelled by man, war
Not upon his freedom. Here Fire, that God
Reluctant made to light itself on man,
Does not, for piety's grim glory, compass
Him in cruel martyrdom. The down-packed
Earth up-heaves not at the random sentence
Of speech-worried law, to lay the measuring
Heap on him before his time. The Air sits
Not as goaler on his lips, to slam his
Honest utterance back. Nor does he find the
Pure and free-spread Water of the heavens, by
Wrangling sophisters caught up, to wash both
Him and all to one tyrannic color of
Opinion.

Hor. Though God's four kingly elements
Frown not, my Lord, this freedom is ill manners
To the world.

Ham. It is not so Horatio.
The world's Blind State first rudely runs himself
Against your Free Inquiry; and as weakest,
Fearing most, calls up his servile Posse,
Lifts his gilded baton, and cries out,—you
Jostled me, you Vagabond. But Freedom of
Opinion only laughs: and whether in
The world's mad-staggering way or not, still walks
Around the great terraqueous slave-market;

Not to purchase, but to pity men.

[*The Gipsy re-enters from the hovel.*

Hor. There see,
My Lord, our wizard likes not to be cooped
At all, and seeks the unlimited air again.

Ham. Though liberty of life has given him neither
Wings, nor broom to ride by night, I will avouch
That it has gathered up some rarities of
Counsel. Shall I speak to him Horatio ?—

Hor. Do, my Lord.

Ham. Good greeting to thee, stranger;
What art thou ?—

Gip. Thou dost well to ask, by—what,
As if a thing transmuted from the—who,
Of man.

Ham. Thou must not judge me altogether
By the million. I took thee for no less
Than man: far greater would I hold thee, than
The scores that so miscall themselves. Who art
Thou then ?

Gip. More like perhaps, in quality, to
Thee, than show of poverty and rank would
Riddle of me.

Ham. Thy looks, confronted with thy
Boasted quality, though that were poor as mine,
Are riddle-like indeed, and mock our guess by
Contradiction. Then, resolve our doubt of
This cross-meaning.

Gip. Why I am, what I am,
Concerns not thee; so for the prying—wherefore,
Take the—what. Thou beholdest here, the exile
Of a noble house; one who has tried the safe
Extremes of life. First, upmost rank that cares
Not for opinion; and now this thou seest,
That by opinion is not cared for.

Ham. Thy
Change is then no change: thy exile but the
Coming home unto thyself.

Gip. In one thing,
'Twas a change. I left that costly pride,—of

Making others do whate'er I pleased, for
That cheap luxury,—to think and do whate'er
I please myself.

Ham. Fair usage then to thy
Perpetual mastership. But how accords
The needful knowledge of that pride-borne rule,
With this thy unproud vacancy?

Gip. Where there is
Knowledge and fair use of it, there is no
Vacancy; and the free paths of thought, which the
Free conduct follows, shows strange registers
Of things.

Ham. Then thou art whom we seek, if thoughts
Unloosed from custom, ever wing thee back
A leaf from vast and deep futurity.

Gip. The
Future in the ways of men, if such is
What you seek, is but the past well noted.
Time is too full of cheap and marketable
Work, to try fresh clay upon the by-gone
Art of human novelty. New forms in man
Can never be the mode; and when they singly
Come, they hide as though they were not; or if
Caught abroad, a cruel war is set upon
Their strangeness. Thus the eternal multitude
Are but identical reprints from nature's
Standing type, to cheaply serve the readers
Of fore-knowledge:—for what has been, and who,—
Are only who will be, and what. Then say,
How wouldst thou question me of this past future?

Ham. We have twin-wishes good Horatio; whose
Tongue shall take the birth-right?

Hor. Yours my Lord, speak
You for us both.

Ham. You here behold two friends
About to part; being, if thy augury ask
Names, Horatio this, and Hamlet. Their fortunes
Cannot be the same, nor can their happiness
Be well disjoined. Since then thou hast unveiled
The cunning of thy palmistry, I need not

Hold you out my hand, to be the mirror
Of my stars; but of thy record, beg the
Pages of our destiny.
Gip. The wishful heart
Oft leads in fortune's council, and directs
The event. You two shall meet again; for come
The season may, within the fitful climate
Of humanity, that shall compel the troubled
Soul to wrap itself beneath the shelter
Of a friend.
Ham. This is the common lot: what's mine?
Gip. It may be singly thine,—hard and uncommon.
Ham. Full fault to thee; thy future does not tell the
Past in this.
Gip. If griefs should come, thy outcast
Memory of all joy, may be as if that
Joy had never been.
Ham. Should I need friends, are
They all such that seem so now?
Gip. There are some
Who'd put their hands on thee, in blessing, that
At crafty calls, might hear temptation to the
Laying of far other hands upon thee.
There is one who'll be that blessing truly.
Ham. Where is he?—that I may antedate him
On my heart.
Hor. He's in thy eye, my Lord.
Ham. Our
Oracle, Horatio, should in that eye have
Read the hope of thee,—and made thy answer.
Hor. Let its truth my Lord, be thy content, and
His example.
Ham. Well, what counsel wilt thou
Give?—to be thy service in our fearful
Need of it.
Gip. Beware of those whose heart runs
More abroad than suits, for thrift, their home-brew'd
Love and loving cunning; who would root thy
Purpose out, with planting deep their own; and
Make thy unlatched shoe of careless honesty,

The means to tread thee down at heel, and put
A shuffling stop to thy advancement.—Be
So just, that resolution cannot fail thee:
Deal suspiciously, for pharisaic goods are
Now-a-days by far too cheap.—Be thinker
For thyself; since spongers on opinion
Ever so abound, that falling to their
Fashion, thou mayest have a borrowed heap of
Purposes, and not decisive hands enough
To do them.

Ham. Thy cautions catch the ear of
Confidence. But wisdom, of thy sort, has
Now so long and loudly preached, that knaves, for
Self defence, have gathered up her texts of
Honesty; and therewithal, prescribe to fools
Such antidotes against suspicion, that
Empiric fraud, with his upholding host, too
Oft is master of us. Should such fate be
Mine, how canst thou teach the disappointed
Soul to join endurance with affliction.

Gip. Enough is said. I'm not thy peer, to make
Thy grief or joy: yet all unlike, as seems,
I've ties, unknown of rank, to hold with thee
In either.—So, farewell. [*Exit Gipsy.*

Ham. He's gone, and I
Hold here his fee Horatio; for methought
His soul looked down upon it.

Hor. My Lord, he might
Perhaps have taken it, of his need.

Ham. His need
Is thriftless then; since there was something in
Him, that forbid our most insinuating
Gift the hinting of it.

Hor. Now, my lord, thou mayest
Have no credulity; but as I watched thee,
I grew less ashamed of mine.

Ham. If I was
Serious, it was thinking then,—that wisdom,
With her skill in cause and consequence, knows—
Why, and—what, and—when: whilst sly imposture,

Tearing out a leaf of presage from her
Book, makes up the wondrous little trick of
Prophecy. Herein Horatio, I'm not yet
Resolved, though touched perhaps with favor to
Your prophet, by his kindly voice. Still, Time,
The grand inquisitor, must judge my heresy.
I'll send thee after trial, my most full
Confession, if 'tis due: for though truth be
As Hangman to our pride, still pride should die
Unangered at his duty; vouching then a
Last forgiveness, and the peace between them,
By some bequeathed acknowledgment.—But come,
Impatience, from the Hall, looks out on our
Delay, and beckons us to speed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THIRD.

A road side.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Hor. They said he was in haste.

Ham. Did you mind Horatio, they both told first of the cloak: the strangeness of its fashion here, set it at the top of memory.

Hor. Here comes misery my Lord; he knows most of the world; we'll ask him.

Enter a BOY.

Ham. Poor child! Like the rest of us, his large acquaintance has not bettered him. He looks as if he lived upon the unbought favor of the many.

Hor. Did you meet the traveller's Post, my boy?

Boy. Yes, sir, just as a gentleman got in, at the top of the hill. I opened the gate for him that goes short to the college.

Ham. What did he give you?

Boy. Nothing, sir. I held out my bonnet, so;—but

he shook his head. Then I ran along side, and told him, it was'nt for me, but my sick mother. So he shook his head again, and said,—he was in haste to Wittenberg from the King of Denmark: and then the gentleman said,—drive on.

Ham. Take this for thy mother, and quick to her.

Boy. Oh, sir, she'll bless you. [*Exit boy.*

Ham. The gentleman! And his commission too, preaching its consequence to a child! I suppose he had no charity: where was his wastage then. My letters tell me he is a physician. By the polluted trade of Esculapius, Horatio, but I shall have a picked fellow-traveller. He keeps his compassion, as Sampson did his last feat of strength,—for the crowd. His soul, if he has one, is no witness for him: nor is self-approbation ever his paymaster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE FOURTH.

The Hall of Wittenberg School.

The MAGISTER, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and two other* STUDENTS.

First Stu. And where are all the rest?

Second Stu. So much dispersed,
That even hurried time could not get through
The errand of their summons.

Mag. The messenger
From Denmark, though so newly come, yet makes
His stay short measurer of our conference
Here. Where is Prince Hamlet? He was never
Wont to cheat engagement, even in his
Tasks; and with his very idle promises,
So servile to the point, that every menial's
Dues in time, were master still of his.

First Stu. He
Is at hand; and paying now with hasty

Breath, the forfeit of a lingering kindness
To an aged pensioner of his; whose prayers—
But see! He comes.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. Your purpose here, enough
Rebukes me for delay; so spare your words
My friends.

Mag. I cannot name it, when Prince Hamlet
Had the need of pardon that he feigns. In
Duty, ever watchful of authority's
Mute look, to stay the useless breathing of
Command. Bred up to expectation's proudest
Height; yet by an earlier covenant with his
Generous condescension, voiding thus the
Lofty rule of likeness-seeking royalty,
To be the equal of the least of these.

Ham. The eye of the cause hath fullest scope of the
Effect. Whate'er thou kindly seest, thyself
Hath made.

Mag. The virtues thus free followed of thy
Will, where will so oft rebels, pair preciously
With thy born graces.

Ham. Nay sir, if I may
Speak, these graces are but children of your
Flattery: born, if born at all, to find a
Cradle here in Wittenberg.

Mag. What else is
Due to thy kind heart young Prince, we'll keep in
Record here. Whilst eldership, with more of
Custom's reverence in its rank, than fairly
Marshalled o'er thy age's excellence, bestows
These words of parting counsel on thee.

Ham. My
Memory waits as penman of thy precepts.

Mag. There is no grace that does become thee as
A man, but would be crowned to greater honor,
In that king which thou mayest be hereafter.
Wisdom and Worth have value still to all;

But wisdom's sentences grow golden in the
Book of royalty:—and worth when kindled up
Of majesty, sheds more than beams of glory
Round the throne.

Ham. They say, that on the topmost
Hills the air is frozen; and humanity
So chilled and selfish there, that travellers
Have been murdered, merely for their hood and cloak.
How are the dangers of the eminent throne?
Is breathing cold about it? And what—of the
Robe and crown?

Mag. There are two small, yet busy
Parts of man, that make the plague, and oft the
Fall of kings. Beware of each;—that ruinous
Instrument, a fool's place-honored tongue, of
Either species, solemn or smart:—and that
Sly Dionysean ear of malice, which
May magnify too much for thee.

Ham. They best know
The dangers of the throne, who are not madly
Heartened by its glory. But how should safe
And watchful majesty, think, speak, and act?

Mag. In
Acts of sovereignty, let Time be always
One to give thee counsel; for his slowness
Often is most quick.—Let thy speech be like
The idiom of the many:—thy understanding
Ordered as the few. So shall the ears of
All mankind have open doors for thee; and
Authority who sits within, shall call thee
To his highest seat.

Go Hamlet to thy
Father; shining visibly upon his day,
A star of younger lustre, near to that
Bright sun of Denmark.

Ham. Here let recording
Gratitude set down to me youth's double
Debt; not more for all the heavy counting of
The past, than now for thy preceptive care,

To be life-lasting favor to me.

To FIRST STUDENT.

Take
A long-enduring print of friendship from
This palm; that memory cannot grow so dim,
But she will read the heart of Hamlet there.

To SECOND STUDENT.

The Muses early joined our hands; and whilst
They to the heart that courts them, lover-like
In secret, whisper surer words of favor
And content, than ever swelled th' inequitable
Trump of Fame, I answer for it, we shall
Not forget each other.

Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern, lads of a class with me; when
Together thus I give you each a hand,
What will you say to Hamlet?

Rosen. If blessings
Be the work of friends, I speak for two; we
Ask of heaven to bless thee.

Ham. [*Aside.*] To bless! The Gipsy
Warned me of these consecrating tongues. Hear
That Horatio,—how the future thus steps
Backward on the words of prophecy.

Pardon
Sir, this silent gathering up of gratitude,
That still wants measure in her words, for all
The good you wish me. Or more or less, I
Cannot, will not offer; to return thee
Back thy own, is robbing thee to do it, and
Would thus deserve false friendship's halter.

[HAMLET *waves* HORATIO *to withdraw.*] Come
Horatio; that a parting grief may take,
To feel, thy hand of sorrow last.—Again,
To each in all, farewell.

[*Exeunt* HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.

An Apartment in the Royal Palace at Elsinore.

The KING, QUEEN *and* HAMLET.

King. Now Gertrude, since Prince Hamlet here, our
And Denmark's young reserve in royalty, [son,
Hath, in his answering duty to our wish,
Outstript the speed of expectation; perching
On the hand of our recall, ere we had
Looked up for the wings of his compliance;—
It therefore, of our royal faith, becomes
Us to bestir the thoughts of preparation,
For the appointed congress of our Peers
At Arvic. So with time between, of love
To thee and to our Prince, we shall tomorrow
Set our course to Norway. Come then Hamlet;
Words of welcome have till now so eagerly
Devoured thy time, that craving thus deferred,
Grows clamorous to hear the due adventures
Of thy way from Wittenberg. You show us
Health indeed, but ransomed from its dangers;
Whereof headlong Rumor, over-anxious
In thy favor, brought but broken pieces
Of the story: giving them o'er to fancy
With her wondrous joinery, to make a fearful
Strangeness of the whole.

Ham. In charity, I did
Bestow the interest of the tale upon my
Therein ambitious guide; that he might buy
An hour of consequence, by retail profit
On the words of this so wild adventure.

King. If he had need, 'tis well. He was a stranger
To us; but to serve thee homeward, our good
Brother Claudius, who in duty to thee,

Triples its regards, by borrowing of his
Love to us and to our Queen,—set forth as
All adroit in trust, this smoothly Snudor;
Joined to him by that subservient hand of
Under intimacy, that so oft avails
The wants of greatness. We approved his choice.

Queen. And I, dear Hamlet, took thy uncle's word
Alone, as warrant for his faithful service.

Ham. He did his part with all officiousness.

King. It gives me joy, with thanks to him, that by a
Watchful kindness Hamlet here is rescued.
But tell us straight, how came this chance that now
We smile upon, which had been nigh to tears.

Ham. Not many hours from Wittenberg, as our
Fleet horses made it, lies a solitary
Place almost beyond all record: travellers
Scarce speaking of it; through duress of horror,
Giving hard bond of silence to their fearful
Memory.
Each kind of life, that elsewhere might
Find root or breath, seem'd gone; except that there,
Like some forced sentinel of solitude, a
Strange but ravenous fowl watched on a dreadful
Summit; crouching close and ruffled, as if
Chilled at such an utter desolation.
Yet at uncertain intervals that startled
The forgetful ear, still screaming our so
Lonely thoughts, to thoughts of drearier loneliness.

King. The spot was surely skipped in old creation's
Reckoning, when he saw that all was good.

Ham. Some
Things are too appalling to be looked at.
This was one that could not bear to look upon
Itself. For thitherward a stream, which through its
Fairer region, wore a summer gentleness
That doubled all between itself and heaven;—
Here forced precipitous beyond a dismal
Edge it would have shunned, broke up its mirror
Into shineless foam; as if on second
Trial, flinching nature, who at first stood

Fearless over this, her single workmanship,
Now dared not, even in the picturing pool,
Behold another scene so savage as
Herself.

Queen. Your words, my son, transgress this will
Of Nature; giving us a picture yet
More fearful, when parental care, that nature
Still, beholds thee in it. Say what madness
Hamlet, thus o'erruled the frowning of thy
Fancy?

Ham. To this spot, that faithful messenger
Of yours, drew me to view, as he had heard,
Strange doings of the outlaw'd elements. For
Here, besides unlikened forms of High, Huge,
Rough, Deep, Black, and Bleak, and Imminent, he
Told especially—of sundered rocks, down which
The mid-day sun showed night's perspective still;—
With yet unfathomed wells, bored by the spouting
Stream, whose edge is worked by its eternity.
But chief of wonders there,—a giant Demon's
Track, fetlock and cloven horn, stone-stamped; as
If at time's beginning, some out-prowling
Or lost devil, scenting wicked works, had
Lighted on the unhardened soil, for place or
Prey.

King. This seems like mischief tempting.

Ham. Then was
The Fiend well foiled; if his split hoof and rocks
That gaped to hell, were stories baited to our
Ruin. For, yet upon the confines, creeping
Cautiously, there being at such a place no shame
In fear,—sudden my guide, whose heel I linked with,
At I know not what, recoiled.—So struck, I
Fell.

Queen. Oh Hamlet!

Ham. Nay, but still found frightful
Foothold. There stood your messenger, with looks
Beyond the warrant of his risked security,
Yet far this side the craving of my peril,—
Wasting needful time in interjective

Wonder at my preservation. He would
Have urged me further; but the loud content
Of our escape, outcalling curiosity,
We turned to seek our finished safety here,
Within your royal favor and protection.

King. A double welcome, Hamlet! One, all-loving
To thyself.

Queen. And let thy mother give—the
Thankful greeting to thy rescue.

King. But of thy
Safety sure; now of our love. Our purpose
Being on a quest of foreign policy, and
Ordering all our public duties to their
Several confidential trusts, has called thee
Home, to be as if ourself in private
Royalty; with grant of every seal of playful
Power, that should ordain the world-watched pastimes
Of a prince.

Ham. This favor finds a twofold
Gratefulness in Hamlet; due to Sire no
Less than King.

Queen. Than King?

Ham. Nay mother, do not
Look on me with jealousy, before my love
Confess his equal debt to thee.

King. Hold thy
Mother, Hamlet, not alone as Queen; for
There are many queens: but give her love past
Love, as being our only Gertrude. Yet should
E'en thy service to her sacred quality,
Bow down thy reverential heart to worship;
Still all else than mine will seem like mockery
Of adoration. Stand thou at her side,
Like Ganymede, to make her cup of life
A heaven of happiness.

Ham. My duty waits in
Thy appointed livery:—care, laced easily
To love's unchanging habit, by the filial
Fastening of affection. Will our mother
Have her son so clad, her page?

Queen. So shall our
Son, page, consort, king, be one in name, as
By high qualities confounded. Yes, Hamlets
All.

King. [*Putting his miniature around Hamlet's neck.*]
Wear thou this; as though I would be close
Beside thy heart, to teach thee, to thy mother,
Ceaseless love.

Ham. This is my nature; what else
Should I learn?

King. Our honored brother too, has
His full trust of duty to our queen; no
Less in closest tie of blood to us, than by
Respect's own making. Whatsoever else
Thou owest, of this regard alone, be ever
Gracious with thy uncle.

Ham. He's the prudent
Seamster of his words, who only bastes a
Promise on futurity: watching well the
Fitness, ere he sews it fast. Thy wishes
Are my written contract, which my mother's
Satisfaction shall make good.

King. All will be
Good in thee, that's kind to her. Come Gertrude,
Time is short: tomorrow I must leave thee.
Let us forget tomorrow's wrong;—the day
Shall come when we will think,—we meet tomorrow.

[*Exeunt the* KING *and* QUEEN.

Ham. To which of these, is my debating heart the most a son! There is no choice, where each still lives the greater blessing to the other. In love's outdoing compliment, striving each for mastery; whilst the last is still the foremost in the other's praise. Two by the arithmetic, and but one in the counting of affection; since each comes first. The guardian each, and each the ward of the other. The more their lives lengthen in love's perspective, joining more to one.—Now, if happiness come not by the blood, it may be catching; and I have been in the contagious way of these.

The king has given the palace to my rule: and Taste

shall counsel how to use it.—As household monarch then, I'll plan my empire.

I will appoint a secretary to each Sense: whose trusts fulfilled, shall show the mind to be the Premier of the cabinet.

The Ear shall have her Actors speak the speech of unoutrageous passion, right intoned with conscious voice:* and call for Melody of a master's making, when the spirit of song is upon him, and the world away.

The Eye shall summon forms of Grecian grace;—with colors dipped ideal: All so choicely gathered from diffusive Nature, that she herself shall smile upon her thus presuming daughter, taste-taught Art; and straight avow her own reproved and winnowed carelessness.

The hand shall Touch the palm of friendship; and the arm infold the preciousness of beauty.

He who Perfumes the air, shall minister the general incense of the fields; which heaven's all-gracious self, without the sacred censer and its priest, of earth's pure piety accepts.

Whilst tongue-appointed Taste, whose service lies within the vulgar suburb of delight,—with menial entrance, bringing just his needful fare, shall make his due despatch.

* This description of speech, as if it were one of the Fine Arts,—founded indeed in Nature, but raised by Taste, upon the analysis of its constituents, and a definite purpose in their use,—will, I fear, be unintelligible to Chief Speakers of the present day. Another age will acknowledge its laconic truth;—when that strange distinction shall have passed away, which upon every subject, but that of the Intonation of Speech, assigns the excellence of art to a mastery over its elements, and to their mind-directed application.

Man ascribes his intellectual superiority to the possession of a language, that proudly, as he boasts, surpasses the passionate voice of brutes. Yet he attempts to raise the intellectual art of Elocution upon the sufficiency of his instinctive feeling alone.——Let the blind votaries of such a system, under the conflicting caprice of all their individualities, remember Guido's satire upon a like ignorant vanity in the singers of his day:—*Qui facit, quod non sapit, definitur bestia.*

But hold! These are pleasures, planned as if one knew the art's enduring essence;—which the soul-bleared gropers after it about the court, that prick their fingers in the search, and stumble into discontent, might misinterpret to insanity; and shut me up from all enjoyment.

God gave man hearing, smell, taste, touch, and sight,
That he might live through them, by natural right:
Yet dare to use those senses as your own,
And with your natural rights, you'll live and die alone.

[*Exit* HAMLET.

SCENE SECOND.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.

Enter POLONIUS *and* OPHELIA.

Pol. The king, Ophelia, held last night his final Audience; and therein, upon especial Word to me, made wilful entrance of thy Name, with gracious compliment. And then, as Neighbour to his thought, spoke of Prince Hamlet.

Ophe. Hamlet hath himself been here my lord.

Pol. It Shows the thrifty packing of his heart,—that In those crowded hours, so close between his Late arrival and the king's departure, He should still find time for thee.

Ophe. When was the Time, of his returns to court, that Hamlet Has forgot Ophelia?

Pol. Therefore, cloud no Memory in him now. Rather with all seemly Favor, paint more brightness on it. For, what Is Friendship!—but our oft-revived and happy Memory of an other. And what, Love!—but That same memory, on one ceaseless round of Meditation, happier still.

Ophe. I have no
Tongue-taught ways, my lord, for what a babbling
Nature here, so thank you, born, could never
Hide.

Pol. Thy nature, child? Psha? That's thy mother's
Weakness. Never speak of who created
Us. This, indeed, is nature's doing, in her
Vulgar factory; where patterns of all sorts
Have but one maker and material. We
Should learn our purpose,—whether formed for noble
Services, or common use; and thus be
Marked and sorted.

Ophe. But my lord, if nature
Makes the Prince, who then knows better how to
Fashion those who serve him?

Pol. I'll tell thee. Hamlet
Hath his last best making in the court; where
Unspared wages keep the choicest hands to
Finish.

Ophe. And this gives his judgment seal, when
He, at court consents, nay wills, to be what
Nature meant him.

Pol. This is against all rule,
Ophelia. Argument gives soil to breeding,
And is often mischievous. We reason where
We doubt: but what that proud logician, Form
Lays down, is proof; or time winks at it, which
Is equal surety. Argument is only
Good at court, that serves it: thus—kings are God's
Anointed; nature but the child of God;
So nature, when she's noisy, should be whipped
At court.

Ophe. What arts then, since I'm here at court:
Where sly ill-nature, smooth in other hate,
Knits up her brow at reason.

Pol. Let reason
Slap thee thrice for thy transgressions, ere old
Usage shake his silver hairs at thee, for
Slight irreverence to him. For though the Prince

Make naught of this ;—yet would our cousin Osric,
Sick of thy good sense, spread other taints, more
Apt to his persuasion.

Ophe. Nay, let good sense
Borrow harder hands to strike, if he, in
Double duty, thus might flap our insect
Cousin from about me.

Pol. Peace, dear Ophelia,
Nor reverse his better thoughts of thee.

Ophe. His
Wavering thoughts are so akin to lunacy,
That their tide, as creature of the moon, leads
Either way alike.

Pol. Thou dost forget that
He now holds chief courtier's rank.

Ophe. I know full
Well, my lord, that Osric has the courtier's
Post, behind the teeth of him he speaks with ;
There to watch word-making; thence stepping out
So quickly to the air with them, that more than
Half their real owners think them his.

Pol. Oh!
Fie! No more of this, or thou wilt here at
Court, undo thy fortune; and worse still, will
Do no more for mine. Therefore, Ophelia,
Give no turning to the current, if it flow,
Of Hamlet's love; but use obstructive arts,
Which swelling up the height, but make it stronger
In o'erleaping them.

Ophe. If I well know the
Prince, my lord, his favor would shine most on
Honesty.

Pol. Think as you please for that. But stand
Thou tiptoe on thy heart and reach; there's Royalty
Upon the bough. Ophelia, come.—I say
Again, do not forget thyself nor me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THIRD.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter the QUEEN *and* CLAUDIUS.

Claud. Dear Gertrude, though our quiet loves may
Have crept unwatched; yet still distrustful of [long
Himself, security has held his sentinel
Ear, and propped his eyelids towards suspicion.
Now comes the truce of fear, if not his lasting
Peace.

Queen. And yet there seems the adverse noting
Of a spy, within this care-invested heart. [science

Claud. Raise higher up thy misplaced hand, for con-
Keeps his office in the brain; and is mere
Thought, which schools make right or wrong. Come
Truant of the past, this is love's holyday,— [fearful
And our master gone.

Queen. But not his monitor;
Who loiters still at home, to note unseemly
Vacancy.

Claud. You told me, Gertrude, once, the first
Of all thy free confessions,—that cross-thinking
'Twixt thy duty and temptation, had worn
Conscience out. It was not love that spoke, but
Fear communing with contrition.

Queen. Conscience,
Claudius, is that slack eye-servant,—who yet
Does his duty when we look to him.

Claud. And,
Must I doubt?

Queen. For me to scruple only,
And not war outright, upon the very
Thought of thee, is in itself the sealing
Of submission. Where'er I try revolt
From that uneasy love, the cause comes up,
And fills my heart with loyalty to thee.

Claud. Then,

This in pardon;—if thy troubled love has
Stirred such mutiny.
Queen. I hear a step. The air,
The virtuous air,—that kisses all things else,
With heaven's consent,—blows threats about me. Yet
One moment, and I will return. [*Exit the* QUEEN.

Enter HAMLET.

Claud. Good Hamlet!
Ham. And so too, I hope, my uncle.—Went not
Now, the Queen from here in haste?
Claud. She did.
Ham. Why
Should the footsteps of a son alarm a
Mother?
Claud. Wert thou Hamlet, e'en that fearful
Thing, thy mother could not shun it; since her
Thoughts are now, as ever, full of thee; with
Words of praise that set thee up, the idol
Image of thy father.
Ham. And sir, how look
You upon this worship? For that dear and
Absent brother's sake, you cannot quarrel
With her favor.
Claud. 'Tis like favor makes thy
Father and myself hold frequent council,
On thy fortune.
Ham. If such double kindness
Turn the wheel, my thread of destiny must show
Fair spinning.
Claud. Scarce two days gone by, with eulogy
That did enthrone thy worth, he noted thee
For empire: mindful still of Denmark's rule,—
That makes the crown, besides of Royal word,
An offering of the general voice. Knowing
Well thy backwardness to stooping policy,
I did propose a scheme.
Ham. A scheme, good uncle?
What said my father to a scheme?

Claud. A courtier's
Sudden entry broke our conference up,—
Ham. Or,
Be assured, the king's command of honor
Would have done it.
Claud. Why Hamlet, art thou blind
To thy success?
Ham. Not blind, but sharp of sight,
To see black mischief hid in dark contrivance.
Claud. All living glory comes of managed means.
Ham. Then, let such means keep hidden corners still,
To hatch their glories: I'd far rather beg
Humility than find their nest.
Claud. Young Prince, oh!
This is quite apart from prudence.
Ham. Yet, with
Better company I hope, than in your cunning
Parliaments, where virtue is in masquerade.
So uncle, when your council has a mind
To join us, come by daylight, and we, Hamlet
And fair-dealing, will be glad to see you.
[*Exit* HAMLET.
Claud. I could not tempt him to my trick of ruin:
But I'll make that honesty, which ever has
Lean credit of the world, curtail his slender
Gains to bankruptcy. [*Exit* CLAUDIUS.

Re-enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Contrition brings me
Faltering back, to counsel on my crime,
With him who bears its half at least.—He's gone!
At mercy's call, perhaps, that I might counsel
With myself. Safe dialogue in sin!—where
Foul resolves may still draw back unheard; and
Each self-governed side be mistress of both
Arguments.
So here I singly stand, in
Tongue divided. Speak then, Hamlet's wife and
Queen, to Claudius' sister, and his lawless

Love. Now let the warmest voice, as fits its
Eagerness, say first.
Why speak you not? Does
Dread of my cool umpirage, freeze up your
Words? Or do the brandished edges of your
Mutual arguments, compel each other
Back?
Then, I'll be both your advocate and
Judge.
I plead for Hamlet first; since I it
Was, stirred up his cause.
Well then, wrong heart, this
Should not be.—What else? Why, should not. There
The heavy argument: for this is all [sticks
In all.—No more then of enough.
I plead
For Claudius now: and Claudius moves new pleas
Of love with me.—There lie the odds against thee,
Hamlet: for love is but persuasion's slave.
Thus plays awhile the balance-hinge of doubt;
And passion's heart-felt weight lifts up deficient
Duty:—for duty is the wife's cold passion;
Whilst passion is the duty of the heart.
[*Exit the* QUEEN.

SCENE FOURTH.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.

OPHELIA *entering by the door in flat, advances towards* HAMLET, *who enters, thoughtfully, from the side.*

Ophe. Has o'er-expectant zeal pushed on the hand
Of time, that I have trod too soon upon the
Hour?

Ham. When she who rules all Hamlet's life, but
Comes, it makes the moment glad and punctual
Too.

Ophe. Love's least suspicion strikes a shuddering
Through the heart. My haste, I feared, had brought me,
Like a forward bird of spring, that sometimes
Lights on frost.
Ham. What can Ophelia mean?
Ophe. This
Greeting marks me for affection's fool,—when
Hamlet gives no warmer salutation
To Ophelia.
Ham. Nay! thou first and only
Hearer of my secret worship,—know, that
In my hermit cell of contemplation, there,
Where I have graved the saintly image of
My love, Ophelia ever has the kneeling
Heart of Hamlet.
Whensoe'er we meet, my
Soul's demurring courtesy, by thy unkind
Interpretation, cold, stands dumb of choice;
If rather then,—to hail thy gracious presence,
Or,—to say farewell to fancy's copy
Of perfection, fading at thy living
Brightness. Pardon then a moment's worthless
Length, if it offend; when Hamlet's dearest
Visions, give eternal salutations
To Ophelia.
Ophe. And does Hamlet's faith so
Live, as true and lasting as it dreams?
Ham. I
Have not here those holy leaves, that give our
Mortal words their wings to heaven; but still on
This so sacred type of beauty,—
[*Taking her hand, which she withdraws.*]
Nay, not
Set lip-sealing to my oath?
Ophe. Love's hasty
Will sometimes o'erruns his duty.
Ham. Why, the
Common rose, with only perfume's vulgar
Quality, exacts a careful kindness from
The hand. Think not of rudeness then, Ophelia,

When both eye and touch, each love's selectest
Sense, are full of arguments to show thee
Gentleness.

Ophe. I've known the wise refuse a
Gift, whose richness set too deep a care on
Keeping. I have not the value to make
Good so great a loss. 'Twere then a prudent
Part in love, to pause ere he receive the
Precious jewel of thy oath.

Ham. The bond I
Give of constancy, is written on the heart;
Securely there, till blotted out by thy
Unkindness, or, if such can be, some blacker
Fate. But since thy hand holds back in doubt,—
[*Giving a book.*] ——read
These memorials of my pen, through years of
Silent love. Shouldst thou read them twice, thou'lt then
Believe me true,—because thou'd have it so.
This for conviction.

[*Giving a case of Jewels.*] These are vainly meant,—
For thy adorning: if Ophelia can
Forget her beauty's high sufficiency, and
Hold them needful; or so flatter Hamlet, as
To feign a use for his superfluous gifts.

Ophe. Ophelia wants not these, which thy contented
Heart of compliment calls useless: and thus,
Only takes them of thy hand,—to give her
Willing hand to thee.

Ham. Oh! why am I, at
This my need, so cursed with poverty of speech?—
That my tongue-tribute pays thus far below
A tithe, of all the dues to thy deserving
Quality.

Ophe. A tithe of compliment from thee,
My lord, is ten times more than this wide earth,
With her unnumbered altars of vain praise,
Can give of incensed favor. Do but say,
In heartfelt brevity,—I love,—and I will
Paraphrase the words, to endless terms of
Happiness.

Ham. Alas! to shut my soul's abundance
Up within a moment's breath.—Love thee?—Ay!
If that brief voice of passion can intone
My heart's exulting vow. I love thee—for
That passing excellence, which, joining worships,
Makes thee idol both of sight and soul: and
Which, as palm of praise to thee, might claim, but
Never asks the homage of the world.
Ophe. Why
Not let the world be voucher to thy choice?
Ham. That voucher's constancy would be like his,
Stirrupless should try a slippery globe: thou [who
Canst not say, how long he'd sit, or which side
Fall. The world, Ophelia, has no freehold
In opinion; but still lives at rent,—tenant
At will of a capricious landlord; looking
On all that passes, through the windows of
Another's eyes: so whiff on its authority!
Ophe. Then let there be no witness in the court,
Where both the principals have made confession.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My Lord Hamlet,—the king's officer, Marcellus, begs audience of your highness.
Ham. Marcellus is my friend, by youth's unpurchased love. May he have entrance?
Ophe. As Hamlet's friend, he finds his freedom here. Tell him the Prince waits. [*Exit* SERVANT.
Ham. [*to Ophelia going.*] Farewell Ophelia, till our deferred happiness shall come again.
[*Exit* OPHELIA *by the door in flat.*

Enter MARCELLUS.

What now Marcellus.
Mar. If, my lord, the words of
My commission may blow off the lingering
Air of softer speech, then let thy mother's,
Joined with Denmark's voice, be yet a kindly
Call, though urged obtrusive.

Rumor, who but
Speaks to make his duplicate, has spread loud
Credit of one Arno of Provence, now
Newly come to Elsinore; and offering
Challenge to all Denmark,—here to meet him
On the trial of deliberate verse.

Ham. Thou knowest, Marcellus, that by the very bravery of our language, the last syllable of—defiance, is the first of—answer. Therefore, his own word helps us to a quick acceptance.

Mar. 'Tis a proud jest, my lord: and thus to give
Proud matching to this boaster; and withal
Gay pastime to the court, the Queen invites
Thy threefold state of—Scholar, Dane, and Prince,
To be the ruler of this prize contention.
Wherein, Denmark's general voice has named her
Laureate Occleve, so to strive in song, as
May receive your lordship's approbation.

Ham. If called—as Scholar, Dane, and Prince, to do
This tripled task of playful justice; then—
As son, we here obey. So tell our honored
Mother.
But Marcellus, where's our champion?
I would have a word of preface with him.

Mar. Occleve, through thy princely favor, has his
Frequent welcome by the Lord Polonius
Here: and just at hand he comes, to join with
Harp the fair Ophelia's voice.

Ham. Ophelia
Then shall to the court, and there, her harper
In his conquest crown. I will this moment
To her for compliance: so Marcellus,
In all haste, farewell.

[*Exeunt* HAMLET *by the door in flat*, MARCELLUS *by the side.*]

Enter OCCLEVE.

Occ. Why give an arrow to young Love, when voice
And string can do his errand sooner to the
Heart? Sly music hath a stealing footstep

On us; then most sly, when woman lays the
Stratagem of harmony. Thus hath Ophelia
Gained, entreated entrance here; herself in
This, unconscious of her soft prevailing
Artifice.—But die all words, and help not
Hopes to live: since mutual favor seems to
Smile between Ophelia and the Prince, my
Patron.

Re-enter HAMLET, *hearing* OCCLEVE's *last words.*

Ham. No, the Prince will be thy judge: Denmark
Thy patron: and Ophelia waits to crown thee.
Occ. My judge is just: my patron watchful: and
Let come the time of trial for the crown;
Since even those who wear Ophelia's chains,
Still hold them next their heart.
Ham. A poet never
Should endure a chain, but that which links his
Fancy out to endless combination.
Yet alone for thy youth's sake, I'd serve thee
With some ripened rules, plucked choicely from old
Pages of success; both fitting for thee now,—
And ever, for thy fame.
Occ. My lord, I'll dip
My pen in thy good words of counsel.
Ham. Then
Occleve,——Do not write too early; lest thy
Childish noise of authorship be taken
For a rattle: nor yet write too much; lest time
In hurrying to posterity, full fraught with
Lasting merit, leave thy weight of works behind.
Reach not thy hand too eagerly for fame: but
Join thy heart to all good things that make it.
When thou wouldst paint, ask not the covetous
Trade—what colors, please its worship, now will
Suit the market: but let Nature sit, though
It should cost thee dearly. She will survive
Thee, and hereafter show herself beside
Thy priceless picture.

Occ. Nature is of every
Age my lord; yet each will have her of its
Fashion. What should I do?
Ham. Be not the age's
Ape; but be thyself the master of the mode.
Give every sentence salt; and to thy style,
The true complexion of thy thoughts. God made
Our thoughts—the seal to stamp all else in us:
Thus self-accordant, shall not imitation,
With a ragman's charity, dress out thy needy
Page with patches; but thy pen throughout shall
Wear, in one complete, the livery of thy
Genius.
See that thy poet-flight resemble
Not the issue of the lawyer's hive,—that
Swarms off its redundant words; obscuring
Thus the queen-bee of its argument, by the
Thick clustering of the mouth's multitude.
Let
Thy thought-packed metaphor burst unexpected
Fulness on the ear: making the phrase mere
Catch-word for thy audience; that fancy thus
May seize her part, and each delight his taste
With his own finishing; thus pleasing all
Who vainly please themselves.
Occ. You'd have, my lord,
The poet's choice of thought made vivid by
Generic handling; and allot a waste
Specification to law contracts, wills, and
Title-deeds in prose; for litigants to prove
That costly doubt may still be copious.
Ham. Though
These are wordy and o'er-speechful times, the
Like of which had made a Spartan orator
Loll out his tongue for breath,—I still would have
The conscience of thy pen, e'en under custom's
Oath, so slight the sacred dues of truth, as
Not to speak the whole of it. For mark it
Well; that style's shrewd paradox, and the long
Since forgot economy of ink, lie here,—

To tell the most with least. So was Parnassus,
That famed Grecian mount, decreed the poet's
Home; that he might sketch from thence, the striking
Hill-tops of description.

Occ. We now are called
To live in meads, my lord.

Ham. Then do not count
The grass there, Occleve. For, this painting nature's
Twigs, and tinting hair-split feelings, makes the
Muse turn mystic: and by dipping in, for what
A vain and washy age calls nicer shades,
Oft lays-on groping darkness. Our still fresh
And zesty authors of old time, held life
Too short, and mites of thought too cheap, to call
The endless roll of fancy's atoms. But
Those of modern date, appear to make their
Note-book by the little vision of a fly;
Which still upon the flat-worn surfaces
Of things, finds crevices to peep into:—and who,
O'erlooking nature's broad distinctive marks,
Do advertise her like a thief; telling of
Garments, goods, hair, height, age, artifice, and
All.

Let thy ambition be,—to satisfy the
Best; and go to thy contention; mindful
That thou'lt be rare-worthy, shouldst thou escape
The shouting crowd,—to be embalmed by wise
Discernment: spreading through futurity, the
Savor that preserves thee.

Occ. My gracious lord,
I'll keep thy counsel, though this critic age,
On doubled wages, write me down to ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

The Banqueting Room of the Palace.

The QUEEN, HAMLET, CLAUDIUS, MARCELLUS, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, OSRIC *and* ATTENDANTS.

OSRIC *officiously making arrangements.*

Osric. Ceremony is the court's guardian, and keeps it to itself:—

Whilst fashion lends his dandy flowers,
To deck its rosy-posy hours.

Ham. If this is your tune, you shall have a sugar-loaf cap; and be Laureate to the court confectioner.

Osric. What me, my lord?

Ham. Ay, me, my lord!—But to your ceremony, sir; or 'twill charge you, for this lost tittle of its time. Ophelia, how like you this upholsterer of the Show?

Ophe. Osric's taste, my lord, is like a jeweller's day-book; it takes chief note of color and cost.——What say you to his occupation, Marcellus?

Mar. I've heard him called the tailor's example. For any of the trade would clothe him at half-price as model-fool. He has an amount of shoes, to serve a Centipede; more coats than chilly Yerkes, the grave-digger, wears at Christmas; and enough neck-chains, girths, and other harness, to furnish a caravan of Spanish asses bound to a fair.

Ham. What think you, Ophelia, is the worst bondage a man may suffer?

Ophe. That which he wills himself: for the very wishing frowns upon all hope of freedom.

Ham. Then by this prisoner, fashion is that willing slave.

Ophe. But how say you, my lord, who are 'the glass

of fashion;' where fashion still may see how much it lacks beside itself.

Ham. The glass of fashion should be like the sea; which if it shows in brilliants, yet adopts them of the stars, that are not bright alone, but high: whilst he who holds the glass, should seem to be an ocean-isle,—surrounded by the glittering motion, yet above it: fashion's slave being as a shoal, whereon sense, heart, and taste, life's precious freight is wrecked, and nothing but the clothier's package saved.

Queen. Yet Hamlet, see how Osric hath most loyally appointed Color, king of decoration.

Mar. Your Majesty must mean the King of Day; for through our Osric's misty sense, he gives us something of his rainbow.

Ophe. At least, we have the latest painting of the fashion.

Ham. One later still I hope. With a true Knight of Instability, his blade once breathed on by admiration, grows rusty. Osric has always something newer than fashion: which, as good Taste would say, is a fool's originality.

Queen. Spare our court-pet popinjay, my son.

Ham. Nay, mother, being the first swallow of the fashion, no wonder if Jack-Cold should pinch him a little. The gentle spring does no less with her birds, when she borrows a winter's wind, to nip the first comers.

Mar. The icicle of your wit, my lord, smarts not him, who never flinches from the brand of red hot vanity.

Ham. True enough. The chemists say, that frost and fire, by the likeness of their sharpest tooth, are of a family; so 'twere folly to bite him twice the same way, for nothing.

Queen. Remember he hath breeding, Hamlet.

Ham. For his good breeding, madam, you shall hear. One question to thee, Osric.—Canst thou use—Sir, that civil syllable, to a gentleman?

Osric. My Lord?

Ham. I mean, with all your undropped servilities of—My Lord, and Your Highness, and Your Right Honorable,—have you not music enough in your ear, to give some ekeing out of grace to your blunt cadences of—Yes, and No?

Osric. I learned in England, my lord, that—Sir is the tailing of a phrase, to suit life's whipper-in. 'Tis a vile word, my lord; a dog's word, my lord.

Ham. Then—Sir—though I have not four legs, nor a snout; I say—Sir—if we must have English staple, show us Earth's Chief Excellence, all over itched with Affectation. But I advise you—Sir—to travel next to France, for rules of unelective civility. There, a gentleman is known from his groom, by inequality in the rest of his syntax, not by the lack of a monosyllable.

Osric. La! my lord.

Ophe. Come hither, Osric. Thou art fond of looking at thyself.

Osric. I,—I,—

Ophe. Yes thou art.

Osric. Yes I am.

Ophe. Then will I set thy glass within a riddle.—Why art thou like Sinbad, in the eastern story, bearing the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders?

Osric. St. Bade? Peut-etre le Chevalier St. Bade? Oui!—Oui! a French crusader. For his bearing,—*à propos:* [*consulting the book of Peerage, which he carries suspended around his neck,*] *Le violà!* Mantle, and shield.

Ophe. Leave thy deep reading. Thou art like him, because thou always carriest thy tyrant on thy back; being, as it were, incorporate of master and slave,—fashion and thyself.

Osric. Very like, very like.——Those lights are wrong.

Ham. Let him go to his supper of ceremonies, or the pap will be cold.——When Yorick once was asked to give quaint titles to the court, he called the father of this Fashion-Sneak,—the Steward of his mind's In-

firmary: and methinks the office has become hereditary in the family.

Pol. Here are the poets.

Enter Occleve *and* Arno. Osric *receives them, and assigns them their places.*

Ham. [*To Osric.*] Come, sir, must we be further dialogue-makers, to help out your preface? What trifle-weaving will you now?

Osric. All is ready, my lord.

Ham. Then fall back and extinguish; for thy use has burnt to its socket. Marcellus, be thou the herald of the Trial.

Mar. [*Reads from a scroll.*] This is the argument and Proclamation.

Arno of Provence, unmastered yet in song, gives challenge to all Denmark; subscribing to her justice.

Occleve, the Dane, has harp and voice, to meet that mastership.

Our Royal Mistress and the Court look on: Hamlet gives Princely judgment: Ophelia the reward.

So live the sacred faith of Denmark.

Queen. The stranger has our courtesy. Come Arno,
Let the attendant air do its first service
To thy song.

Arno. If place gives power, then Arno,
Gives to place her odds against him: Thus, that
Favor shall be courtesy,—which grants my choice
Of last.

Ham. There's a brave fowl for you! Thus much for confidence: that's one hit of the game. The best song shall be two.

Now Occleve, winnow thy voice of all unpreparation; and show us the way of Elsinore. Crowing, with thy modest breed, comes afterwards. [to serve

Occ. My Prince but wastes command, where choice
Is older than my homage. Then with plighted
Honor to my rival; craving only this
Enheartening stay beside our mistress here,—

I sing for Denmark. [*He stands near Ophelia.*]

Ophe. Occleve here shall find
Ophelia's favor—justice. So deserve
The wreath she holds.

Occ. I dare not think upon
Thy favor: yet I venture for the crown.

[*He sings.*]

Why should the love-forbidden heart,
Be like its last cold place of rest?
The grave?—in what resembling part,
An image of the burthened breast?

Arno. These are my verses.

Occ. Thine?

Arno. Before this fair assembly,—they are mine.

Occ. He's madly false, my lord: or what of unfled truth is his, must hope him guiltless-mad in this.

Ham. The Rule,—the Rule. What Arno claims, leaves Occleve worse than loser. Still, by the faith of Denmark, her unchoosing justice shall between them cast fair-falling lot of proof.

Arno. Will you have memory, my lord; or copy, scratched to its completion?

Occ. I say—he has no memory, nor blotted record of my song.

Ham. Arno, repeat thy proof.

[*Arno speaks the stanza Occleve had sung.*]

Why should the love-forbidden heart,
Be like its last cold place of rest?
The grave?—in what resembling part,
An image of the burthened breast?

Occ. Did I hear?—It cannot be.

Ham. Hold, Occleve.—What says the general voice to this?

Mar. It seems so strangely fair, that it may still Be foul. There are some memories so limed for Catching, that no flitting words light on the ear, But straight are held joined prisoners. About this

Strife, I move,—that Arno now retire, whilst Occleve gives his yet unfinished song.

Arno. I Do consent; but still aver the song is Mine. [*Exit* ARNO.

Ham. Occleve, we nothing 'bate our trust in Thee. E'en seeming miracles are sometimes wrought For honesty's escape, when hedged about by Unresolved appearance. Now then, memory's Tricks at least cannot outwit thee. Denmark Stands by thee still.

Occ. And Denmark shall but hear Me, in my own.

[*He sings.*]

'Tis not indeed that—free from care;
Nor yet because—the heart is cold;
But 'tis in—equal secrets there,
That never, never can be told.

Ham. Bring Arno in. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.

Pol. Occleve shall win, my lord. His verses have a double essence: different, yet not contradictory. Of the high breed of Pegasus;—the wings of Fiction, with the four steadfast feet of Truth. The heart that loves and tells nothing, is like the grave.—

Ham. Without its head-stone.

Queen. Why Hamlet, you jest on the poor man's grave.

Ham. How, madam? For my good will to poverty sees not that.

Queen. The poor man has no head-stone. We give him ground-room, to be rid of him: thus it seemed thy mockery.

Ham. Believe me, by our coffined equality,—not so: for as in these oration-days, no one heeds eulogiums on the great, it is as if their epitaphs spoke nothing.

Re-enter ATTENDANT *with* ARNO.

Now Arno for thy sequel.

Arno. To hear me for my story, gracious Queen:—
It chanced, the fairest Fair of southern France,
My home, but hateful now, too careless of
Her compliments, passed words of favor on
This harp and voice. Vain hope that gave them meaning,
Gave me misery: since heart and hand of her's
Were hand and heart, a young Imperial Lord's.
With hunted flight, from still pursuing care,
Through previous realms,—I here at last stood back
At bay. And more for desperate match with sorrow,
Than to out-face Denmark's pride, proclaimed this
Pageant-strife. Yet still the worrying pack hung on
My thoughts: and thus o'ermastered quite, I asked—
Why should this burthened heart be like the grave?
Let this then answer for me:—

[*He speaks the stanza Occleve had sung.*]

'Tis not indeed that—free from care;
Nor yet because—the heart is cold;
But 'tis in—equal secrets there,
That never, never can be told.

Occ. [*Aside.*] What wicked image of myself is this? He steals my song, and tells my story too.

Arno. Now let my rival find good reason,—why these words, if his, are not also mine.

Queen. This is mysterious, and gives the court much wonder.

Pol. Please your Highness, I would that Arno submit to the church trial. He is a wizard.

Osric. I fear much worse, my lord; for the Devil hath Corinthian skill in changing his Fashion.

Claud. It would be well, for safety, to look, which side of the question the devil holds to.

Ham. By the world's way of friendship,—but he has made a cunning pick-pocket of one of them. What say you now, Marcellus, to memory without a hearing?

Mar. Did I not know our poet well, I would affirm some winking trick in both. And had I childish fancies, I should say—that Arno wore some fairy veil among us.

Claud. Speak not too sure of Occleve. Suspicion must be on him.

Occ. My lord, and this assembly. I shot my indignation in the first attack: now voice gives way to wonder. For myself I have no argument: a conscious certainty o'ersteps the need. But for this same prejudging lord, I do propose that each, by well watched separation, on some sudden theme, give unprovided verse.

Ham. Is Arno willing?

Arno. Not to agree, my lord, would make my fear my condemnation.

Ham. Let Ophelia say the theme.

[*A noise without and voices.*]

1*st Voice.* You cannot enter.

2*d Voice.* I'll see the Queen. Lord Hamlet too, he'll hear me.

Ham. Let them pass in.

Enter an OFFICER OF JUSTICE, *with a* CITIZEN *in charge.*

Osric. Bid that fellow begone, my lord, he smells of industry.

Ham. Then sir, in contempt of yourself, pinch your own nose; and down on your knees to him. 'Tis such as he that keeps your helplessness from feasting the rats.——Speak to thy purpose, officer.

Officer. Please your Majesty, to pardon my intrusive duty. This man is in arrest, upon a charge of ill intent about the palace.

Citizen. Most mighty Queen, I am your liegeman, and no spy. Two nights ago, as passing by the eastern tower, I caught the sound of neighboring voice and harp. And staying merely for the oft repeated song, I was by some bad eye itself, false noted, as it seems, for evil: But would, that for my innocence, I now could find a fellow-listener; who being a stranger, as he said—

Occ. Here's justice with her two-edged blade!—— I'll help thee to thy fellow-listener, friend, as thou hast helped me to my absolution. There.

[*Pointing to Arno.*]

Ham. Speak man, to the proof,—and Denmark's rejoicing.

Citizen. He has the night's best notice of his stature; with but a dimmer record of his face.

Mar. Occleve has lodging at that self-same spot: Denmark's palm is green again: and Arno's improbable claims now prove this story true.

Queen. And this arrest must be some wrong-gone cunning of the scheme. Discharge your prisoner.

[*Exeunt* OFFICER *and* CITIZEN.

Claud. This seems o'erhasty.

Ham. Uncle, his own lawyer—Sly Trick has abandoned the cause: and he is condemned. The wreath, Ophelia.

Occ. My lord, I had no distrust; and need no triumph.

Ophe. Occleve shall have this crown when he outdoes a rival. Here, he has only foiled a robber.

Pol. A robber and no wizard! Then forward to the gallows,—rather than a prayer said backwards.

Mar. Yes, my lord: grant Genius, in this half-done world, but law—for fools who steal its property and place,——itself will do the rest without a conjuration.

Osric. An eves-dropper and no devil! Then instead of making a cross on the forehead,—we must alter our heraldry, by putting a bar on the mouth.

Ham. I was appointed judge, but have no duty to fulfil, except it might be hangman. Then should Ophelia, for respective dues, have been provided both with wreath and rope. [*Arno retires.*]

But see, at the bare mention of the cordage, how our un-noosed poet skulks. Adjourn we then the court; and cry three times—O yes.

Let rogues who dress in bran-new cunning learn,—
Though first suspicion no dropp'd stitch discern;
That rents at last, by time and tear are made,
Through which the whipped and branded skin will be betrayed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE SECOND.

A retired part of the Palace Orchard.

Enter CLAUDIUS.

Claud. I find, indeed, I am but half a villain.
Though ambition, like an oiled wrestler, glib
At his escape from conscience, holds his contests
Here; still the chalked hand of virtue grips on his
Slippery skin, to cast the reaching spirit
Down. My soul seemed braced to evil: yet a
Word, the weakest hint of poetry—unbolts
My wicked resolution.
Occleve is the
Favored friend of Hamlet. Then, I fear that
Hamlet hath been watchful of his mother:
And that fiction may have winked suspicion
On me. Occleve sang of speechless purposes,—
And such are mine: of graves,—but whose, I yet
Scarce whisper to myself: and then, that wrong
The sufferer cannot tell,—untimely death.
Oh! how this word brings back the fearful hue
Of thoughts, grown pale by thought. What color will
The act lay on my soul?—Why, crime is but
The painting of our passion; and by giving
Thinking time to e'en its last deep blood-red
Picture,—that will fade out too.
'Tis an ill
Wind, straight up from hell, that does not serve some
Sail. I know that Arno may be purchased:
Now, disgrace will make him cheap.
This pageant
Gave me hopes to ruin Occleve; and thus
To split his pen of eulogy on Hamlet.
Since that has failed,—what next? Arno should bear
His rival deadly hate; and I must turn
That malice on the Prince.

Enter ARNO.

Arno. Our failure leaves
Me naught, but sly and packing speed to quit
The kingdom.
Claud. Why this haste?
Arno. There is a vessel
In the roads, for England: and I am lost
To credit here. Whilst there, they say, that tricks
Of authorship, and words outwitting thought,
Have mastered all renown; made trade procurer:
And where incense fills the place of ink, give
Oftentimes to him who dips his quill therein,
A premium-feather from the tail of her
Nobility.
Claud. But for that proof so damning,
I'd have made thee Laureate: yet that loss may
Be redeemed.
Arno. The late mischance, my lord, still
Writes my duty down thy debtor; but the
Outcry of the court mars all my hopes of
Due discharge. 'Gainst single hooting, shame may
Stare a brazen face; but universal
Hisses set e'en Impudence himself aghast.
Claud. Till time shall give us note, I grant the court
Suits not for thee. But still to be at call,
Go to my suburb villa. There sit watchful
In unguessed retreat: whence at picked season,
Thou by secret foray, may redemption
Do for thy mis-cunning.
Arno. My willingness
Walked on before your wish, my lord; my service
Shall close follow your commandment.
Claud. Then hear.
I need not say, that Occleve, now so high
O'er thy disgrace, is Hamlet's favorite; and
Makes rumor busy with his grateful praise.
Arno. The praises of your Prince, whoe'er the first
To breathe them, by the road-side peasantry, more

Than their border-speeeh or dress, declared my
Entranee into Denmark.
Claud. You saw the Prinee
Propitious to your rival?
Arno. I did; and
Thercin marked the unequal balance of his
Honor.
Claud. I have often known him merry at
Misfortune.
Arno. That's cruelty.
Claud. When he but thought
That jest of—hanging, his eompassion should
Have smiled; and spared thee.
Arno. 'Twas a lesson; and if
Foes will teaeh, 'tis scholar-like that foes should
Profit by it.
Claud. What then—if I give thee
Opportunity?
Arno. I'll try revenge upon him. [hopes
Claud. You now must know, that here you have no
But eome from me: and yet you have the power
To help my hopes.
The throne of Denmark is
In part elective: the people by their
Wavering voiees, giving, so or not, a
Sanetion to the kingly ehoiee; and Hamlet,
By his father named, already stands in
Expeetation. Royalty has many, many
Favors for its friends: but eome that Hamlet
To the seat, there is no place for you. Now
Here's your hopeful trust. Change right-about, this
Wind of fair opinion on the Prince, by
Means I'll tell thee of: yet mindful here,—that
Wisdom will do less, than art well served. Thus
On the altar of thy interest, wilt thou
Make thy bitterest foe an offering to thy
Friend.
Arno. Sueh vietims send up mingling savors
To revenge; when hate alone had made me
Zealot in thy purposes.

Claud. Then hear me for
Success.
First, find yourself assistants.—Truth
Works best without a crowd of minions, or
Their means: and makes her all-perfect circle
Merely with a centre and a line. But
Frauds have business all about; and use the
Whole battalion, sapper and miner too,
Masked battery, scout, sentinel and spy.
Arno. I
Know it well, my lord, that in these days of
Linked exertion, Argus is the sign: so if
One eye should ever serve a purpose, it
Must be a giant's.
Claud. There are thousands, Arno,
Who dare not by their own responsible but
Single tongues, claim ownership, when questioned
In assessment of their souls; who yet, when
Stuffed of courage, by a party, bellow
Forth their herded spirit, like a thousand souls
In one.
Arno. 'Tis not alone that bold-faced numbers
Drive, by mutual trust, the wheels of management.
They grind up danger into dust; that, should
It fall upon them, they but bear some harmless
Atoms each.
Claud. So much for thy mates in mischief.
As for thyself,—be circumspect.
Arno. My lord,
I'll join myself in league. Societies will
Furnish me a muster-suit: for they are
Keepers of the wardrobe of Briareus;
And when each member gets his wrapper, with
Its hundred sleeves, he feels as if he had
As many arms within them.
Then, my lord,
For circumspection;—my surmise shall keep
Night-watch, before the dawning of suspicion
On me.
Claud. My purpose is, that Hamlet must be

Wronged among the people. Go then—change thy
Name; and do the rest of thy own fashion.
Arno. My acts shall wear the cloaking of thy counsel.
Claud. Remember still, how near to mine, your own
Advancement sits. [*Exit* ARNO.
See what ambition does!
It casts the unwary down in its foul service;
And then makes a service of pretending
Zeal, to set them up again. By seeming
Thus to work his own revenge, he scarcely
Thinks what I would have; and yet is gone to
Do it. I feared to tell the whole. There is a
Soul-mocked apeing of the poet in him, which
Must not be trusted on worse errands.——I
Want instruments of several tempers. Arno
May deceive the people. He has syntax
Just enough, to keep redundancy of speech
Within the rule of sanity: and thus may
Serve as foremost orator at clubs, elections,
And commemoration-feasts, to talk young
Hamlet down. Snudor shows by willing sin,
That he's a tool whose edge would not be turned
By pity. Poetry dropped nothing on the
Hone that set him to my purpose.
Such are
My instruments: but what the heart that works
Them may have need to do, itself as yet
Knows not. [*Exit* CLAUDIUS.

SCENE THIRD.

A Public Place, with a rostrum in the back ground:—the Populace crossing near it.

Enter HAMLET *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. What have we now?
Mar. 'Tis a general meeting of the people, my lord.
Ham. Then we will look and listen here.

Mar. These are the voices that gave us thy Royal Father: and will, we hope, give thee his throne hereafter.

Ham. But voices change, Marcellus; and break or falter as age creeps on the state. Yet if their authority and thy good will, should smile agreement on each other,—condition would but brighten friendship's eye on thee, and show no pride above acknowledgment to them.

Mar. Thou art already in their hearts: they only wait the time, to seal their choice upon thee.

Ham. This will be favor undeserved.——Let me ask you one question, Marcellus. What is the world's opinion?

Mar. My lord, I see not how to answer that.

Ham. It's plain enough: and you might say,—'Tis the opinion of those who know nothing about you.

Mar. As the unweighing times keep score, this is reputation, and gives high place.

Ham. And what is popularity?

Mar. Ay, my lord,—that's a riddle.

Ham. To most, 'tis the child's riddle of the candle:—The longer it stands, the shorter it grows. Whilst fame, of the great man's making, so to confront the phrase, is as a perpetual lamp in the sepulchre of merit: looking on name and relics with unwavering light.

[*A huzza at a distance.*]

That's the way a thousand mouths together say—well done. I warrant you, it was for the end of a speech, or the worst part of it.

Mar. It was for neither. Most of the shouters did not hear a word of it: they only wanted to hear themselves. But they come: let us be aside.

Enter a crowd of the Populace, who confer variously, near the rostrum.

Ham. Who are those few, so busy with their consequence?

Mar. They are the Leaders, my lord, the Leaders.

The people must have Leaders; being that their wills are sovereign and uncontrollable.

Ham. Then must the leading-strings be like the hairs that move Punch and his company, in the show: so invisible, that even the puppets might think, if they could think, that they moved of themselves.—But look you! There's one who seems to have had his eyes from different parcels; and a mouth to suit neither. His enmity never sits in the shadow of his brow: and his smile answers not at the nick of time, when his fawning calls upon it. Where all the children of the face, Marcellus, thus disagree at play, 'tis a sign their father, the soul, is a bad fellow himself. Having so little favor from God, can he hope any from the people.

Mar. There are some who have an emptiness of sense, that yet will hold their cup, and drink the stream of it in others. But this fellow has a double lack in vacancy:—neither brain, nor the borrowing of it. Yet he too, asks a place, and will get one.

Ham. I'll make a memorandum here, Marcellus.—The difference with ambition is, that,—the world puts weak and thanking vanity in honor: whilst greatness puts, and therefore thanks, himself.

Mar. Which dost thou count the harder task, my lord,—to receive honor, or—to take it?

Ham. To take honor, as we call the success of him who deserves it, requires you—to suffer much from yourself. To receive honor,—you must bear more from others: so choose between penance and a packsaddle.——Now there's a leader striving to fill his panniers with good opinions, by showing a ready-made acquaintance with every one on the ground.

Mar. Ah! he has seen them once at least before; and that's enough. For he always carries about him, the some-day-or-other purpose of a knave's memory:—he never forgets a face.

[*A leader appears in the rostrum, and goes through a dumb show of mouthing and gesticulation.*]

Ham. See that orator: he mouths it as if he had

been caterer to a chameleon; and was now trying to feed the people in the same way,—with breath.

Mar. If you had heard him yesterday, you'd say the chameleon had requited him, with the secret for changing his coat. He lives on the windy side of politics; and whirls about at such a rate, than even double-pen short-hand cannot keep a diary of his shifting.

Ham. Who's that?

Mar. What, he who seems to be putting his hand into a wrong pocket?

Ham. No, Marcellus: I count such a one honest, to some of his neighbors. I mean him, who is drawing a roll of paper out of his own.

Mar. It's pretty much the same, my lord. He only poaches on the political pocket. He's what they call—a Pick-office. That paper is a petition for his friend's place. A long list of creditors have signed for him, in hopes of liquidation. But they say his date is nearly out; for his tricks have become like an old case-knife, that often sharpened, gets an edge on the back, and cuts the mouth it feeds.

Ham. Who is he now mounting the rostrum?

Mar. He's the president of twenty-nine societies. Listen, my lord.

1*st Orator.* I say again, combination's the watch-word. Let a man stay by himself, and he's like one loose stone on the pavement of policy: he's kicked about, but never gets into place. God makes man: and Societies magnify him.——I move that we unionize.

Mar. This is—holding by the hands, indeed.

Ham. Ay! Marcellus, and the rest of the proverb too: it's—running with the hounds.

Mar. How is it, that when God created man to jump the rope of his existence, and find himself alone in the oval,—he should use the string to thread himself, with fellow-beads, to hang around the bigoted neck of example?

Ham. It is, because the minds of most men are as unshaped goblins; and they dare not be alone with them.——Who is he peeping in the distance; whose

itch for looking on, seems to be rubbing itself around the corner of the house?

Mar. He's one they talk of making Grand Provost. But he himself knows nothing of it: though they say, he has a perfect pig's eye in politics,—he can see the wind a-coming.

Ham. Then give me the brute, for making a snug nest. A hundred to one against the man's shifty instincts, that some day or other, he will be caught in the political squall, before he can get under cover, with the straw in his mouth.

Mar. Look at that Leader on the left. Would you think it, my lord,—that fellow in his honest days, himself upon the beast, sold a patched-up spavin in the rabble horse-market!

Ham. And now he's up astride the people. Believe me, Marcellus, for 'tis the eye of scrutiny, and the heart of trust that speak,—the people of their natural blood are sound, till such mounted jockies of the state do ride them to their ruin. The people always have a wholesome wish; their opinions only are corrupt: and the rottenness comes of the demagogue. Thus he prepares the soil, and up springs the toad-stool of popularity.—— Who is he scattering pamphlets among the mob?

Mar. He's a political scribe; who being apt to forget what he has written before, is sure to be reminded of the difference.

Ham. Ah, the pen! the pen! the pen! He seems to run but lightly o'er the field, yet shows a track that never leaves the villain safe. All wicked thoughts should go out but in breath. Witches, ghosts, devils, and such unholy things, are wiser than men who write; they for their safety vanish into air.——Hark, what's that?

2d. Orator. Education, fellow-citizens, is learning. And learning is education.

1st Citizen. Here's a great speech: his fore-foot's on new ground.

The Mob. A great speech! Bravo! His new foot's on the fore-ground.

2d Citizen. And it's all true; for it's told both ways, in the expositor.

1st Citizen. Then he's a cobler.

The Mob. Out with him; he's a cobler; down with him. [*They pull him from the rostrum.*]

Mar. What! up and down in a breath? This must be what they call——THE TACT OF INFLUENCE. Governing men by popular eloquence is a wonderful thing, my lord!!

Ham. That depends on, whether the spouter stands at the top or bottom of the people's opinion. A thimble full of argument, mouth upwards, measures more than the great bell of Muscovy, with its tongue t'other way.

Mar. What will become of this TALENTED SPEAKER, if his schools succeed?

Ham. He'll be hanged upon his own tree of knowledge.

Mar. Then his stir for education, is a swimming with the current, after the pig's fashion of suicide: he tries to save his life of popularity, by cutting the throat of his cunning.

Ham. He's as foolish as the ideot-boy,—who cried for light, to count more stars: but found at day-break, that his hoped arithmetic was all subtraction.

Mar. There's one, who, if you ask him a question, will first run over the thirty-two points of prudence, to be sure, whether the wind of his answer will be for or against himself. He's of the kind that always peeps through the key-hole of his conduct, before he dares to open the door.

Ham. Oh! I know his genus. If that fellow, Marcellus, could, by the miracle of a double sun, get rid of his own shadow, he might let his opinions enjoy more day-light. For he has such a calculating, peeping, whispering, and monosyllabic caution in his life, that he is afraid of the very ground-plot outline of himself; as if it were the copied spy of his own watchfulness.——What is that little fidget about?

Mar. He's persuading an almanac maker, to add seven more days to the year. He so generously gives

the old three hundred and sixty-five to the concerns of state, that the condoling of his spare-ribs with his ragged elbows has hinted,—he ought to take one week to himself.

Ham. Who taught him this patriotism?

Mar. He was for a while, leg-flapper to a shoeing-smith; and learned from the flies, the art of being troublesome, without getting much to eat by it.——Look, my lord, how he in the rostrum resembles the discarded Arno.

Ham. Were that miscreant still within the kingdom, I should think 'twas he. Let us hear him.

3*d Orator.*——Now 'tis well to have your leaders—think for you. And therein I must say,—the rule of Royal Nomination much insults your sovereignty, with sly reproach, that you want sense to think yourselves. 'Twere well then that our future kings, should be, with one voice, named and chosen by the people.

Mar. There's news for you, my lord. 'Tis enough that thou art half thy father's son; thou shalt it seems, be—all—the people's king.——There goes thy uncle Claudius.

Ham. Perhaps he means to second this reformer's motion.——Art thou my true friend, Marcellus?

Mar. As true, my lord, as uncompelled allegiance to my Prince, and private love to him can make me.

Ham. Then are my thoughts, first, words to thee. I have of late observed my uncle's mood. He hath a brooding subject, or my eye has no notice of occupation. It seems askance to me: and I might think it half unfair; but that his daily homage to my mother, gives assurance of regard. Tell me, of thy gathering, Marcellus,—what means that mingling with the crowd, whom I know his rank pride despises? Why hears he counsels, thus unmoved, which must be ill towards the king?

Mar. Upon thy confidence, I sure may speak. The court, my lord, have seen in Claudius, that more than natural service to the Queen; with less than would become him, towards thy father and thyself. Last night, at a quick turn of the terrace, I broke unwarned upon a

group of courtiers; and ere I was perceived, I heard these words:——Heaven still preserve the throne. For he would pluck his nobles up so freshly from the earth, that the green and unwashed style of court, would be the scornful jest of ancestry. High visitations of respect would be forbid the Palace: and the caution of her gates be all unhinged, for every vulgar hoof to trample down the velvet sward of royalty.—With that they ceased: and my obtrusion barred my asking. But by yon social meeting, one may guess at much more than he hears.

Ham. Did not Claudius speak to that last orator?

Mar. He did.

Ham. To what purpose?

Mar. I heard him say—Prince Hamlet. The rest was lost. Yet this I saw,—that one who stood behind him made contemptuous mouths; at which others laughed.

Ham. 'Twould be an unlucky visage, should he ever come to authority. But there's some help for that; for his picture taken thereafter, in needful flattery, with a back-dated *pinxit*, showing an unbought friendship to his days of nothingness, might find forgiving.

Mar. There, my lord, while he speaks, do you see that crooking of the face at him?

Ham. I see. Ah! thou hadst better let thy ugly mouths alone. Such simple provocation has ere now, put bloody thoughts within revenge.

Mar. See, where thy uncle Claudius has drawn off with that Arno-looking orator, who spoke for the people's right of nomination. There's something in the wind, my lord.

Ham. Let it be a whirlwind carrying him straight up to sceptered power, I almost care not. Methinks I should not waste a world of peace and blood, for what might cost more sin to keep.—But see, they are departing. Let us go. These have been sorry sights: and sounds that bear them company.

[*Exeunt the populace.*

Mar. Sad enough! when the sovereignties show, that there is no exception to their universal sway, by

thus becoming servile to themselves.—Still, my lord, they are all great men.

Ham. Wisdom and vote, Marcellus, once were joined,
To raise man's greatness up, to rule mankind:
But now, my friend, the monstrous difference note,
Between—the great in wisdom, and the great by vote.
[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CLAUDIUS.

Claud. Nature employs no servants. But art's a
Time-tied cripple, who must borrow haste, and
Find assistant hands. So, I have got my
Hirelings, and must trust their dangerous faith. Yet
Difference breathes some hope. For Arno has the
Book of tricks by heart: while Snudor's copy
Bears a rubrick title,—hinting he might
Dip those tricks in blood. The one has set his
Crafty edge on speech,—to cut off Hamlet's
Favor with the people. T'other could—a
Surer stroke, to cut off Hamlet's self. This
Certainty shall have my wink of approbation.
There's wind-taught shifting in the people's vote:
But Death—yet never altered what he wrote.

Enter SNUDOR.

What from the people, Snudor?
Snu. Five men of
Influence, my lord,—by all thy gold, so
Much the heavier now, strain might with Arno.
Still the general voice o'errules.—I fear it
Too, Marcellus, Hamlet's friend, suspects the
Scheme.
Claud. I've had misgivings on it: and this
Transient look of failure, frowns like finished
Ruin.
Snu. Further urgency therein, at least
Might breed suspicion.
Claud. No, this plan is too
Much chance-like. We must take the narrow path of
Certainty; where if two counter-steps should meet,
They cannot pass; but one must fall.
Snu. I thought,
By this I had the odds of Hamlet, at
The rocks; yet he escaped.
Claud. But, Snudor, then
It was for Hamlet's self to make his fate;
And this is tedious doing.
Snu. Thy hastiest
Hope, my lord, shall spur my duty.
Claud. I would
Have no slippery catching at contingencies.
Let Arno try his round-about of speech:—
For straight assurance of the act, we should
Remove the Prince.
Snu. We should.
Claud. Knowest thou,
The man-defining difference 'twixt—Should be,
And—Shall?
Snu. Let promptness listen.
Claud. It Should be,—
Stands as waiting-man on time and means; and
Often misses both. It Shall—is always
Thorough master: and sees done, or does it.
Snu. It shall, my lord, be mastery then. Among

The Prince's sports, is now at hand a quaintly
Masquerade: and here lays my design.——I
Have a hasty drug, the which if once let
Loose on life, there is no counter-speed that
Can outrun its mischief: die life must. Now
At this pageant, in some droll disguise, I'll
Do its purpose.

Claud. It will tax thy art, to
Give a bond of surety to concealment.

Snu. I purchased once at Nuremberg, for sport,
But fitting now for serious work,—a toy,
To be concealed beneath the vest; and so
Divided in contents, that with a poignard's
Varied thrust, some several liquors may be
Spilt; as if the blood were harlequin, and
Played his rounds in parti-colored life. One
Shall be drugged: the rest, by your conniving
Taste, my lord, and the odd temptation, harmless
Served among the masks, shall quiet every
Doubt of Hamlet's cup. So shall his certain
Death join burial—with suspicion. Then
Believe me, that the king, in soreness kind,
And won to thee by well played grief, shall give
His choice, thus deep bereaved, to thy succession.

Claud. Should Arno fail, that choice would save much tribute,
Which, when votes are valued, pride must pay, but
Hates to pay the people.

Snu. If greatness can
But save his pride, he may o'erlook transgression.

Claud. You've learned in humble schools, the task that high
Ambition sets.——Go do the work. Reliance
Prophecies it well of thee.

Snu. The deed shall thank
The trust. [*Exit* SNUDOR.

Claud. Here's a new mode of mastership!
I undertake to teach this fellow my
Purposes; and he pays down his entrance, by
Teaching me the surest method of them.

The better part of me revolts this damned
Instruction; scholar all beside. And why?
The lesson-book has pictures in it,—map and
Portrait fair; a Kingdom and a Queen. Then
I will stand at head or foot, in this great
Emulation.

Enter the QUEEN.

Queen. I fear, my lord, intrusion
Brings unwelcome visit to your secrecy.
Claud. Did Claudius ever keep from thee a thought,
But with love's thought,—of apter time for telling?
Queen. Is aught unsafe?
Claud. Within the secret of
Another sleeps our answer.
Queen. Whom should we
Fear?
Claud. Whom should we not? There is no eye in
Denmark, but that seems to have its more than
Proper business, when it turns upon us:
Not an ear, but catches at the less than
Whispering of our looks.
Queen. I know not who can
Be the spy. The—Would-be—is away: and
Our young Prince dims all suspicion by
Swift rounds of pleasure; or but secs Ophelia
In his serious thought.
Claud. Nay, Gertrude, thou shalt
Have the proof, that Hamlet is not rovingly
Intent on pastime: for the eyes of cunning
Often bear a closing likelihood to
Mirth. Nor think, the hours he gives Ophelia
Court not other purposes. Note well that he,
The Chamberlain, her father, may, between
Infirmity and pride, be hopeful partner
In some watchful scheme of Hamlet's. Then dear
Gertrude, look you fearfully upon your son.
Queen. The eye of nature will be guardian to me.
Claud. Alas, if it should not! For time, who never
Saw the sword, how drunk so'er with blood, yet

Sleeping, tells of no such woful war, as—
Love-lost children, turned with weaponed hate against
A parent. Surely Hamlet could not come
To this: but I would have thee mark, if any
Lapse show vacancy between himself and duty.

Queen. Should Hamlet turn his evil eye on thee,
Let angry love provoke the mother.—But
I'll bring occasion to the proof. Farewell.

[*Exit the* QUEEN.

Claud. 'Twill do! 'Twill do! 'Twill do! Nay, what
As if to ask, could teach me to forget. [will do?—
Some demon touches up my memory with
Deeper ink; and there I read,—that one who
Wrongs a husband, lays the hellish scheme, to
Set a mother 'gainst her son. Though this were
Crime of crimes, her heart may never see it
Such: and my ambition is as blind as love.
Still I've an other care. The Prince regards
Ophelia: and that breeds good will to him
In old Polonius: whose consenting weakness
Is itself, where weakness rules,—court-weight.
In this
Great world of means and end, all things have use.
With some persuasive toy, I will enlist
The dotard; that his service in my cause,
May prove—his weakness was not made in vain.

[*Exit* CLAUDIUS.

SCENE SECOND.

An Apartment in Polonius' house.

Enter POLONIUS, OPHELIA *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Has Osrie made all ready for the Masque?
Pol. He has, my lord.
Ham. It is indeed a freak
Of youth, that may not suit the gravity of

Years: then let becoming absence be—thy
Presence in disguise.
Pol. My lord, it shall. I
Was a famous masker once, as our good
King would say. I played the seasons, at the
Pageant of his marriage; and in as many
Hours, went through the four.
Ham. Then come, with even
White December on thy brow, so that it
Threat no frost upon this Rose of Spring.
Pol. [*Aside.*] Those
Words hold something of advancement.
Ophe. And say,
What mask should Hamlet's be?
Ham. [*Aside from Polonius.*] Hamlet, mindless
Of all rule of Princely title, would be
Summer; that this spring might lose her name in
His.
Pol. Ophelia, thou wilt go?
Ophe. Yes, my lord;
If for no more,—to find good taste of music
There.
Ham. Then must good sense go there before us:
For as now the ear takes note of Song, the
Voice has quite forgot her neighborhood to
The heart.
Pol. My lord, thou shouldst not fall so far
Behind the fashion, as to make the soul
A partner with the ear.—These five things mayest
Thou do with music:—Patronize it—gape
At it,—encore it,—be made deaf by it,—
And pay for it:—but good society has
Taught us for the sixth,—thou shalt not feel it.
Ham. I was not born, however bred, to have
So small a part of me, as e'en this little
Ear the slave of words: so if your court thus
Plays cross purpose with the other senses,
As with this, I'll try life's luxuries elsewhere;
And will again to Wittenberg.
Ophe. Thy taste,

My lord, hath purest parentage. Bred of
Good feeling, knowledge, and free thoughts, it must
Be new, broad, various, and graceful: having
Full merits, which the more they're thought on, still
Bear heaping up.

Ham. Thyself, Ophelia, hast
That charm of song,—the goodliness of nature,
With her keenest sense, put to their highest
Place by art. Come, words make wishes craving.
We have time to hear thee now.

Ophe. Indeed, my
Duty and my wish sit at the back of my
Mistrustful powers, and will not let me off.
Shall our song be grave or gay?

Pol. Ophelia,—
Gay. Say gay, my lord.

Ham. I would it might be
Gay, if for no less,—to please this aged
Gentleman. Still have I, yet I know not
Why, obscurely here, some heart-hid root of
Sorrow; which God grant, may never grow and
Ripen bitterly. So please Ophelia, we
Will fit this clouded humor, with the fiction
Of a grief. Give us the graver mode.

Ophe. Thy
Memory, my lord, holds sorted treasure in
The art. Thy search has travelled, and now gives
Thee choice from foreign stores, of choir-leading
Italy; and all the rest. Though thou hast set
The mode,—the mode has still her favorite: what
Shall it be, that's of my power, and to thy
Preference?

Ham. There is a song, that was the
Fashion for a season here, among those
Slaves to reputation, who are bid to
Choose, by each new master-name, that comes to
Sing for them. But to me, it ever was
With song as with all excellence—once fashion,
And for ever.

You may remember that

Some sixteen years ago,—for the blest ear
That's born of song, oft keeps scrap-record of its
Cradle melody,—that, crossing from the North,
Some Scottish minstrels on a tour, made stay
At Elsinore. And then so charmed the general
Ear, that courtier and poet, peasant, nurse
And artizan, caught up their several airs
As suited best their temper, plaintive, slow
Or gay. To make a choice, the song I most
Preferred was called "The Flowers of the Forest."
I heard thee praise it once, as if thy heart
And dignity were unisoned with its
August and simple pathos. But the furbished
Times have cast it off: and glosses of conceit
Make oldness quite uncurrent. If then frosty
Fashion, sparkling, but still cold, has not, with
Thee, subdued the gentle color of its
Melody, come, join the early grace of nature
To thy later years of skill.

Ophe. The memory
Is miser with the thing it loves; and so
Has kept thy song.—Thus then, my lord, I'll try
To please you.

[*Ophelia sings.*]

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favors, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing;
But ah! 'tis inconstant,—and fled far away.

I've seen the forest, adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant, and gay:
So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming;
But now they are withered and weeded away!*

Pol. That's too solemn;—in short, it is too old.

* The words of Mrs. Coburn; with a slight alteration of one line.

Ham. Being of my choice, I'm very sorry sir,
It does not please you. But for me, I find
It so, that song is still an angel of
Our pleasures, whether she may weep or smile.
Besides, our youth may have infirmities: and
This my ear began so early its delight
In harmony, that it hath now a sort
Of age upon it, which should sometimes ask
Repose in gravity.
Pol. Does trouble ever look
On thee, my lord?
Ham. One may be grave at times,
Merely to bear his visits when he comes.
For, trust me sir, the shortest ground between
Us and our tomb, is not so much our own,
That misery may not yet divide the space
With us.
Pol. Wouldst thou like to be the King?
Ham. Why!
Is that troublesome? I thought that trouble
Is the bloody prelude merely,—played upon
The world, before the Acts of Royalty. Both
King and people often bear such agonies,
To get the drama up, that there should be,
Methinks, an after happiness found somewhere,—
Within the throne at least.
Pol. Denmark has her
Happy throne; and all her people bless thy
Father in it.
Ham. Ay, but my aged friend
That maketh not the rule. The next wry-step
Of time may find this Denmark but a prison;
And the throne, a cage within it.
Pol. Then will
You, my lord, not be our second Hamlet.
Ham. Have you doubts of that?
Pol. No doubts, my lord: for
Though there is a stir abroad to drop the
King's appointment, still the people's voice is
Sure towards his blood.

Ham. Whose hatching is this
Young reform?
Pol. 'Tis her's,—that cackling love of
Country: her lank broods are scratching every
Where.
Ham. But who hath clucked them thus o'er all the
Land?
Pol. This mischief comes, as every ill to
Royalty, from the low people.
Ham. Though I should
Feel for Royalty's complaints, still your low people,
To your higher world's disgrace, work out the
Better changes of the world. I never
Knew a wise or holy reformation,—
But the lowly and despised first helped the
Master of it.
Pol. On this royal matter
Of succession, I have had of late, a
Frequent hearing of thy uncle; and do
Hold with him, that change therein, would no-wise
Hinder thy preferment.
Ham. [*Aside.*] So, my uncle
Mole, thou'rt working in my path: this piece of
Crumbling earth betrays thy rooting mischief.
My uncle Claudius hath this work in hand?
Pol. Purely of good will to thee.
Ham. Age has keen
Reasoning, but dull sight; and I am not so
Old, as to employ more reasoning than bright
Vision. Yet of this my uncle's bounty,——
I must have broad day-light, for the seeing of
His blessing. And by way of trust, I'd have
His promises stand in the wind of some past
Favor to me;—that I thus might breathe the
Hopeful odor of reliance.
Pol. Would you
My lord, thus mar your Princely hopes? Claudius
Hath much influence with the people.
Ham. Ho! I
See the rat's at work upon the household.—

And must Hamlet stoop to blunt his purposes,
By coating candy on his nibbling tooth?
No sir, since favor is the plea,—here's up
For honesty; which like defending fire, is
Rampart to itself, and to be taken,
Must be quite put out. Good bye, my lord; I
May enlist me spies, though guards be useless.
[*Aside.*] At least I will beware, my counsellor be
Not the trumpet to mine enemy.
Farewell,
Ophelia.— [*Aside from Polonius.*]
From bad ambition's aims, thy heart is free:
For who shall take my throne of love from thee?
[*Exit* HAMLET.

Ophe. Come, my lord, we need our time for preparation.

Pol. What were those last words of Hamlet?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THIRD.

A public street in Elsinore.

Enter MARCELLUS.

Mar. The Prince is still himself. Bifronted Janus
Has no worship of him. That single face
Of his looks strange indeed at court; yet to
The wonder of diplomacy, which cannot
Work with one, he would not double it, though
T'other were a mirror to the first in
Honesty. Claudius schemes among the people;
And yet Hamlet lays no counterplot: therein,
He's nobly, wisely wrong. If he would have
A crown or other favor of the people,
He must wear a mask. This he will not, though
All Denmark's deputation, were to do him
Honor in the fraud. He might command, and

Yet he hates all cunning: keeping it, with
Tolerance of the odd commixture, so
Within the ready vessel of his wisdom,
As to pour them out on vile contrivances
Together; scalding knavery with both. I
Hear the crafty Claudius urges now the
Prince's claim. Then 'tis because—he that way
Sees his own.

Enter Occleve.

Occ. Good evening, sir.
Mar. A better
Still to thee; the good of whose tongue comes of
The best of thy heart.
Occ. Griefs, sir, for compliments.
I passed, hard by, the troubled populace, who
Had reported to them, that our gracious
King, as homeward bound, was lost upon the seas.
Mar. [*Aside.*] This tragic news deserves its smiles.
The herald of it. [I know
Was not Claudius of the
Company?
Occ. He had been there; but on the word,—
With grief passed tear and speech, retired.
Mar. Occleve,
Thy kin of poets often have described
The unacknowledged tongue of Rumor. One
Sketch goes thus:—False rumor is the play of
Some sly devil's voice, within the cavern
Of a babbler's ear; whilst he, the imp, grins
In the dark, to hear the frequent murmuring
Of his echoes. Now, hang upon thy lips
Truth's purest velvet; damping thus the echo
Of this wild report; and whosoe'er he
Is, be not the babbler to this devil.
For know, the queen has, but this hour, her letters
From the king; who will ere long be safe at
Elsinore.
Occ. My liege-love, good Marcellus,
Made me slavish to the fraud, when such cold

Hearts as brood no cares were doubtful.
Mar. Occleve,
I could tell thee,—this is but the touch-stone
Of opinion, on the king's succession:——
But here come the citizens.

Enter two CITIZENS.

First Cit. Never believe it. Not that it may not be true;—but because a politician tells you. This is often such good reason, that it were well to make it so always.

Second Cit. But then I marked, how he who told the news, would not admit a doubt of it.

First Cit. There, perhaps, the will was pleader for opinion.—Since, I have heard a learned Leech, who was not altogether fee and physic, say,—be sure a patient's friends would fain be rid of him, when they insist against the doctor's hopes.

Mar. What is thy occupation, friend?

First Cit. Plain Dealing, sir. Will you give me custom? For, by the dearth of the times, there'll be starvation in the trade.

Mar. To be single in the business, thou'lt have a monopoly, and thus grow prosperous.

First Cit. Let me tell you, sir, there is a fashion here, soon to be state law—that 'tis not good for man to be alone; and he must take for helpmate—some Society. The age has bribed Fame's footboy, Popularity, to admit no bachelors.

Mar. Occleve, this must be the new policy of the day, to help decrepit legislation:—The go-cart of young ambition;—and crutch of broken character. One calls it—man's concentrate force; another—squadrons of mind: its thousand footed, mere time-keeping step is termed—the march of intellect. Let us hear what simple honesty says. His insignificance has need of it. What think you, my friend, of these societies,—Learned and unlearned?

First Cit. Nature, sir, meant to do great things through man, by lodging one uncrowded spirit in him:

but this packing up some scores of minds within one learned body, has fairly suffocated science.

Mar. How is it with the Benevolents? They have but one heart.

First Cit. Statesmen have found, that the broad Art of Charity comes less of sense and prudence, than of feeling:—so they've turned the wisdom of right-giving over to the Ladies. You must ask them.

Mar. You have a vote. Will this wide praetice, now so fast towards a law, let you speak singly, as born, not being a twin; or must you here also, kenneled to a society, give your voices out in mingled yelping, as though you had been littered,—not born.

First Cit. Alas! the thing's a law with us already. The patriots call it Party. 'Tis a ereature of numbers, and its most dangerous disease is division. Its piety is always praying for something; and is of a east that never worships a dumb idol. Its alchemy makes Trust-Worthy out of a Turn-Coat; and eloquence,—of any nonsense spoken on the right side. In short, it's up to any thing but a miracle:—it ean't make five loaves and two fishes feed the four thousand.

Mar. I've heard it said, that,—Party is the double-erowned and crazy king of freemen.

First Cit. Yes, and governs them with such contentious majesty, that they, at last, will kiss the quiet mercy of a Tyrant's sword.

Mar. 'Tis a mis-shapen rule, that gives to party's master-tuned and all-one-sided mouths, their overbearing voiee.

First Cit. Say rather,—'tis unduteous justiee does not noose the master-villains up, that turn those mouths awry. But, sir, there is one hopeful truth:—The good of the people often outlives the vice of their leaders. For though knavery holds a perpetual charter; by which its body-politic never dies, yet the officers of the eompany are always changing.

Mar. What then beeomes of these masters of mischief?

First Cit. Newer things of their own sort whiffle

them from their places: for demagogues are like the pellets of a pop-gun;—as in goes the last, gone-goes the other. And then in spite of their tongue, as well as their teeth, they become as harmless as a shark with the lock-jaw. But here they are, yet supple in the hinges of their speech.

Enter on the back ground, two DEMAGOGUES.

Mar. By the look of these two fellows, I see but one thing against their shortly perishing. They seem to have gone through the first process of embalming: for the Egyptian undertakers always began—by removing the brains.

Occ. This is a rare brace, Marcellus.

Mar. I can tell you of one of them. It's scarcely two years since we flogged him from the army. His—what he ought to be—was so bad, that it might be sworn he was made in one of the out-houses of creation, where the great master never looks himself.

Occ. Had he no better breeding in a Christian land?

Mar. As to our hearing, no parents ever owned him. He seemed as if he might have been early let into the Devil's Orphan Asylum, and afterwards bound to the house.

First Cit. I'll give you, sir, a double chance to find his family:—for t'other is full cousin to him. Yet these are two Scrub-leaders of the people.

Mar. Being thyself one of the people, thou shouldst stir for them. Having pure thoughts and indignation,—where is thy Tongue?

First Cit. Let him lie still, if he'd not aid confusion. Why sir, this babbling age of Pentecost quite scorns that brief old Jewish day. But gifts of speech have now become the gyves of thinking.

Occ. You may see this at the barber's shop, Marcellus,—in the print of a nine-link chain of the parts of speech, between the mouth of a demagogue and the ear of the people. And if you'll copy the bird that makes a trap of his tongue, and feeds on the ant-hill, you'll think an orator and the workies sat for your picture.

First Cit. True, true, to the very life! and we are more the slaves of speech than passion. Adam's taste ruined us morally: and his descendant's tongues will curse us to all political eternity.

Mar. This is rare light. Thou must be our Prince's friend, because thou art the foe of these. I would know thee further: not for thy services, since thou canst have no influence with thy caste. Thou seest too plainly and too much. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* MARCELLUS *and* OCCLEVE.

First Dem. He that you spoke to is a gentleman. We are enemies to all clean shirts; and to your gentry that use pocket-handkerchiefs, and have respectable fathers. What evil did he plot against the people?

First Cit. Murder in chief. He would cut off their—heads.

First Dem. He is an officer and Hamlet's friend, who'd help him in his bloody deeds. Claudius has told us as much.

First Cit. What think you of an other plot of his butchery? He has been in the Turkish wars; and liking the Sultan's fashion of dumb slaves, thinks of ridding the Principal People of their tongues: saying, there will be more work with fewer words.

First Dem. Hear that, my honest colleague. Our present Hamlet shall reign out: but with the court and army such, we'll name the king hereafter.—Say, my honest colleague.

Second Dem. Ay, ay: "choose we," "choose we"—

Both. We, we will name the king hereafter.

[*Exeunt first and second* DEMAGOGUES.

First Cit. And when you have made your king, your throats will dog him dismal,—in howling for office.

[*Exeunt first and second* CITIZENS.

SCENE FOURTH.

The Banqueting Room of the Palace.

Enter HAMLET, *in domino; his mask in hand.*

Ham. Sure gaiety did break his rest last night, and
Sleeps it yet,—that I, about whose soul is
Somehow wrapped of late, the mystic likeness
Of this outward hue, should be the first at
A fantastic show. For once I have the
Start of folly, who so often leads. Rare
Precedence: but like the driven slave's, whose
Master is behind. Hah! Who comes next? In his
Delay, nearer by one to wisdom than
Myself.

Enter MARCELLUS, *in domino; his mask in hand.*

Marcellus?
Mar. Ay, my lord.
Ham. How goes
The world, Marcellus!
Mar. As all things go, that
Set out bad,—from worse to worse.
Ham. Why, to me,
The infant Now, how vile soe'er, is but
The ditto of old father Time. I look
On both, and would outline them thus:—
Things, mean
As always, creep about the throne, to nibble
On its crumbs or envy-eat its substance.
Tyranny, that self-curse everywhere, with his
Co-misery submission,—collared or hand-cuffed,—
Each wears equal chains. Whilst Freedom's magistrates
On slippery seats, sit robed in hard-earned bonds,
With rods of mock authority.——The senses
Are five slaves. And reason, still the boasted
Father of the unreasonable. Squint hypocrisy,

That points and seems to look—to heaven, still gives
His lick-lip leering at the harlot Earth.
The virtuous and the worthless, as it seems
By worldly recompense, are each alike
Such chosen sons of providence, that Good Luck
Often is their blind old patriarch still, to
Give the greatest cheat the blessing. The should-be
Self-sufficiencies,—morals and law stand at the
Elbow of opinion. Whilst all actions else,
Being jesuits in their day, find varied reason
For their ever changing fitness.——This is
Then the abstract of all time:—old novelty,
Marcellus!

Mar. But sure, my lord, the villany
Of politicians makes—new novelty, in
Denmark.

Ham. Nay, thou canst find nothing in this
Little nook of earth, that hath not been: though
Dropped from record, through the rank abundance
Of its likes. The world has been so long, and
Man so poor in works, that art had need to
Have a grant for repetition of herself,
To seem to be employed.—Why yes, Marcellus,
We are but the dittoes, I might say, e'en
Of our former selves. I can well think, that
Two like us, within some other traceless
Kingdom of the eternal time, may thus have
Stood, ay, in our very visages and names,
And preached a useless satire on mankind.

Enter some maskers at the lower part of the stage.

Mar. Are these then but the duplicates of other
Worlds?

Ham. These are the world itself. When Sylla
Once gave Rome's first places to her mimes and
Maskers, then the proud Palatium showed her
State un-counterfeit: and Roman Leaders,
For that truth-snatched season, took their rightful
Names.

Marcellus, think you that my uncle Claudius will be here?

Mar. My lord, this is his Very place. Claudius has always worn a Mask: and has not yet his time to throw it Off.

Ham. And whene'er he does—

Enter other maskers at various parts.

But see, 'tis time For our disguise. To play our cards, we need A recognition. Do thou call—Knave, in Question of my mask; and I'll say—King, to Thee.

Mar. King and Knave, the countersigns: remember.

[*Hamlet and Marcellus cover, and mingle with the maskers.*]

Enter CLAUDIUS *and* ARNO, *their masks in hand.*

Claud. [*Aside.*] These are but makers of their sport. Where is he that can make a king?——Arno, is Snudor the physician here?

Arno. No doubt, my lord: and for a turn, his funeral dues of silk and crape have furnished him his domino.

Claud. We will change our names. If I call—Claudius, you will know who speaks.

Arno. Then I will call—myself.

[CLAUDIUS *and* ARNO *cover and mingle with the maskers.*]

Ham. [*Meeting Claudius.*] King?—

Claud. [*Aside.*] Not yet King.

Mar. [*Meeting Arno.*] Knave?

Arno. [*Aside.*] Hah! suspected? This mars all. I must find Claudius. [*Meeting Hamlet.*] Arno?

Ham. [*Aside.*] How have I lived by shifty pen or poetry, that one should this wise call me—thief!

Claud. [*Meeting Hamlet.*] Claudius?

Ham. [*Aside.*] What! Arno? Claudius? I've a black face, why not call me—devil, at once?

Mar. [*Meeting Hamlet.*] Knave?

Ham. King?

[*Hamlet and Marcellus uncover to each other.*]

Indeed, Marcellus, of my three christenings to-night, I have not been so kindly called as now.

Mar. God help thy sponsors to some better title. [*They cover.*]

Ham. [*Meeting Claudius.*] King?

Claud. [*Aside.*] What, twice called—King? Then I have friends at court: Say it again, and I shall think there are some unknown powers abroad upon my cause.

Arno. [*Meeting Claudius.*] Arno?

Claud. Claudius?

[*Claudius and Arno uncover to each other.*]

Arno. I fear, my lord, I am discovered in the Palace.

Claud. There are keen eyes in the company. Twice to-night I have been rightly called. [*They cover.*]

Ham. [*Meeting Claudius.*] King?

Claud. [*Aside.*] What, again? Thou has now so much of the ominous three of Fate, that I had almost questioned thee, with hope's dear adverb—When.

Ham. [*Meeting Marcellus.*] King?

Mar. Knave?

[*Hamlet and Marcellus uncover to each other.*]

Ham. These titles meet in sport: Beware, Marcellus, when they ever whisper gravely to each other. [*They cover.*]

Enter SNUDOR *disguised: with a contrivance beneath his vest, by which, from several punctures with a poignard, as many different colored liquors may be drawn.*

Claud. [*To Snudor.*] When Hamlet is discovered, I will, herewith, [*showing his fingers chalked*] set a mark upon him. The rest is yours.

Snu. And yours, my lord, beyond that rest.

Claud. [*Going towards a group of masks.*] Ye Danish Knights, why stand ye covered here in sport? Some boldness has snatched off the fair Ophelia.

Ham. [*Starting forward.*] If heaven should cross my search, I'll drop my sword and weep; for she of right is his. If hell is in the way, I'll through it straight, without a passport. Come on, for Denmark's sake, not help, I share the glory.

Claud. [*Grasping Hamlet by the breast, and leaving the print of his fingers.*] Stay, my lord; 'twas but a jest, to make thee serious. Two masks of us, thy friends, had difference concerning thy affection,—and pardon crave, for this distracting proof.

Ham. Whoe'er thou art, thy friendship would have served me better, hadst thou thrown thy straws up in the wind of prudence. Such airs as thine oft blow the handful back into the face: and but for this calm that follows on thy welcome falsehood, thou mightest have felt some beards, within the eye of thy curiosity.

Claud. My lord, we humbly take thy pardon. But being unknown, our gratitude can only be a speechless bondsman to thy mercy.

Ham. [*Looking at the marks, left by Claudius on his domino.*] What is this? They say, the devil,—from the sooty tincture of his books,—uses white ink. If, by confession, thou wert not my friend, I'd take thee for some scribe, escaped the black dominion. But 'tis no matter;—Ophelia was the cause.

[*Dumb show. Several masks gather round Snudor; who serves them with wine of different colors, by apparently, puncturing his breast. Snudor has the glasses, which he gives the masks. They hold them up and drink.*]

Ham. [*Meeting Marcellus.*] King?

Mar. Knave?

[*Hamlet and Marcellus uncover to each other.*] My lord, I have discovered that she's Ophelia, with the blue and scarlet scarf.

Ham. Thanks, good Marcellus. But what of that group of bacchanals? If thou canst note excess of drink, as well as all surpassing beauty, thou'lt discover my uncle Claudius too.

Mar. They are topers to a mountebank; who by his trick of self-inflicted wounds, draws wine for blood. And see now, where the juggler gives himself the point.

Ham. And see, the wine-blood follows. They say—that Grecian Bacchus was contented to bestride his cask: but in the enormous thirst of Denmark, the drunkard shuts the cask within him. Yet come, for pastime, let us be the children of this pelican, who feeds of his own piercing.

[*Hamlet and Marcellus cover, and approach Snudor; who gives Hamlet a glass. As he is about to drink, Ophelia passes; known by her scarf.*]

Ham. There goes the heavenly life-blood, by the bright Bearing of its—gules and azure.

[*Hamlet pursues Ophelia; and careless of the cup, sets it down, to converse with her. Claudius, who is watching the whole, sees a mask take up the cup, as if to drink.*]

Claud. [*To the mask.*] That is my Lord Hamlet's cup. [*The mask puts it down.*]

[*A grotesque character enters, with a pipe of seven stems, which he offers Snudor—to smoke, in exchange for his glass. Snudor, upon trial, is seized with strangling. One of the masks hastily pours water into Hamlet's cup, and presents it to Snudor. Claudius, who perceives this, runs to arrest the cup: but is too late. Snudor has swallowed the contents; is relieved; and the masquerade proceeds.*]

Claud. [*Uncovering to Snudor.*] Cross-purpose hath outwitted us.—The Prince escapes.—Thou hast the poisoned cup.

Snu. [*Uncovering, and throwing aside his other personal disguise.*] Oh God! there is no remedy. My antidote should have grown in the preventive garden of an honest life. Here I feel,—that the left random stroke of justice, is truer than the right-hand aim of cunning. How calmly, Claudius, thou lookest upon my horror.

Perhaps thou'lt start—at my contrition. Call the Prince: and stand you face to face while I confess.

Claud. The grave-clothes have no pocket for a bribe. Here, truth out-masters gold. But thou leavest children; and the man in thee, was therein ne'er bought off. On thy confession, will vindictive Denmark overleap thy senseless corse, to sink her heel of wrath the deeper in thy living blood.

Snu. I save thee, for their sakes. Repay them for thy life.

Now is the hour that all men find in time: which, in the darkening chamber of this world, seems like a little window looking to eternity. Claudius, when thou shalt come to sit thee at that dismal opening,—the dreadful objects of thy vision will tax thy memory, with the horridest half of mine.

Take me to my home: that the foul secret of our plot, and its just punishment but part fulfilled on me, may pass unknown:—as if a common providence had made those orphans: when a special mercy stoops in their cause, to take an ill-exampled father from them.

[*Exit* SNUDOR, *leaning on* CLAUDIUS.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST.

The Queen's Closet.

The QUEEN *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Mother, we have of late been gay, too gay.
I would be serious with you now.
Queen. Why Hamlet,
Thou last night didst so become thy mask, I
Dare not chide thy vanity, if thou assume
It here.
Ham. Madam, 'twould be mockery indeed,
To hold disguise with you.
Queen. To be serious
Then without a cause, is but to sport.
Ham. What,
If there be a cause?
Queen. That would be serious
To us all.
Ham. To be in doubt upon that
Cause, is yet more serious still.
Queen. What cause can
Trick with doubt,—to vex the Prince of Denmark?
Ham. Look abroad, good mother; and say,—canst thou
Count the causes, why we should be serious?
I've one, which is enough for all my sorrows.
Queen. What's that?
Ham. Canst thou ask? Feigned ignorance! Thou
Knowest it well. All Denmark knows it.—Where is
Thy loving husband?
Queen. Thy father, Hamlet?
Ham. Yes, mother. Who else?
Queen. None else: none, Hamlet.
Ham. I do repent me of my mirth, unseemly
As it is, upon the lingering absence

Of my father. Surmises of sea dangers,
Treachery, and what not, are all abroad, yet
Dodging my inquiry.
Queen. Hamlet, though there is
No fear, yet is his harmless stay, love's harm
To me. But still, for thee, in thy abundant
Pleasures, so to grieve o'er some few added
Days of Royal duty, is quite childish
To thy counted years.
Ham. When the Patriarch
Once, to Mount Moriah led his son, full
Thirty then, to be a sacrifice, it seems
They called him—Lad. I have a heart-felt weight,
As if I bore the wood to make an altar
Offering of myself. And thou hast called me—
Child. I hope I may not come to sacrifice;
And thus fill up that story.
Queen. Why, Hamlet,
What hath distracted thee?
Ham. If so at all,
The times. But I am not so. I have lately
Had a word or two with Age; and now, count
Some of its infirmities my own. I credit
Too much that I hear.
Queen. What hast thou heard,—that
Makes thy judgment censor of thy faith; yet
Makes thy faith, a witness 'gainst thy judgment.
Ham. Age, that should be wise, too oft is but the
Mockery of its duty. Thus it is with
Old Polonius; whose attic falling to
Decay, his wit has begged mouth-lodging with
Garrulity. Chancing with him of late, I
Heard some strangest things: for you must know that
He is colander as well as sponge. Now, of
Matters that by ear and tongue, do come and
Go with him, I learned it, that my Uncle—
Queen. Thy Uncle, Hamlet?
Ham. Yes, mother; hear you
That again,—my Uncle—
Queen. Do not believe it.

Ham. What?
Queen. All that thou hast heard.
Ham. Nay mother, 'tis
All true: for so Polonius says—this uncle
Claudius hath my welfare in his prudent
Keeping. And from his sly power among the
People, it may crown my hopes of Kingship,—
What may, think you?—Why, to hold that counsel
Close,—which he thus providently pours upon
A sieve.
Queen. Thy earnest speech, dear Hamlet, quite
Disturbs me.
Ham. The strangeness of a favor
Breeds suspicion with me.
Queen. Why marvel at a
Favor?
Ham. No marvel, madam, but mere caution;
Caution. I have never told thee of it; but
A Gipsy bid me once,—beware of those
Who go about to make a Busy-bodyship
Of kindness: and who sow benevolence
By the way-side, that they themselves may come
Again and pick the seeds.
Queen. Thou surely then,
Need not beware thy uncle.
Ham. Mother, look
You at that bright-eyed star.—Why, now there is
A cloud upon it. Who can trust whom? I
Might beware my uncle; and my uncle
Me. My father might beware his brother:
Whilst thou, of one flesh with my father, might
Beware his blood. Nay, should the Devil find
A Paradise, and tempt again, I might
Beware of thee: and with the serpent near,
My mother might beware that dangerous fruit—
Her son.
Queen. Whence got you this strange cross of cautions?
Ham. From what has been, madam, running with the
Custom—to what may be.

Queen. Ho! this is but
The preface to another of thy many
Pastimes, Hamlet.—Thus, to whet our wearing
Edge of mirth by sadness.
Ham. Why should I be
Mirthful? Have there been arrivals here in
Denmark?
Queen. What should come?
Ham. Temperance, joined with
Truth; and both their useful families.
Queen. With them
Join Justice too: for now, as I have word,
'Tis near the hour, to wait thy father's coming.
Ham. Time's present channel, mother, is too narrow
For the flood of my thanksgiving: so I'll
Greet my father with its overflowing.
Queen. Then will thy troubled stream of life be smooth
Again.
Ham. It would be so indeed, but that
Three several dreams I've had of late perplex me.
Queen. Thy troubles, Hamlet, can be but as dreams
To thee. Come then, relate to me thy dream
Of dreams.
Ham. Perhaps thou canst expound them, mother.
A week is scarce gone by, since first I dreamed—
I had embarked, upon a foreign order
Of the king. When wondrously, within the first
Nightwatch, the prevalent shade grew bright! But
More than wonder 'twas, to suddenly behold
In Denmark's very point, a bloody flame;
As if the hazy sun rose flaring at the
Utmost sea: whilst from that fire went forth the
Uncouth figure of a fiend,—clenching a costly
Crown. tried
Queen. This bodes no ill; but shows our throne's
Purity. Then wherefore else thy seriousness?
Ham. With thoughts no less unwholesome, next I dreamed—
Of wandering out beneath the sun-down summits
Of the royal orchard. There, I met with

Two, so fellow-featured, each to each, they
Might have been right brothers. Both had laid them
There, in weariness. And there, a kinder
Quiet than the world's had blest the one. The
Other seemed at equal peace: except that,
To and fro, his breast did silent duty—
As the sentinel of life.—Again that fiend
Came by; and like a hellish highwayman,
Cried—Sleep and Death, give up your difference! Then
Dashed his venom drops at sleep; who instant
Sighed himself to such identity, that worried
With the hard distinction, I awoke.

Queen. Why
Hamlet, has some night-freed tenant of the
Grave walked past thy thought?

Ham. No, madam, for they
Say—such things can visit but for good.

Queen. Or,
Bringest thou here some German tale of terror?

Ham. Mother, I shall ne'er believe my eye-sight
Of an apparition, if itself, the full
Death-living proof, be not the speaker to me.

Queen. 'Twould be fearful speech. But come, thy
Vision, Hamlet. [other

Ham. This was merely sequel
To the last; for burial comes of death.
I
Saw, methought, a finger—from a funeral,
As it passed—oft point to rich possessions:
And heard them say,—the solemn-clad appraiser
Was the heir of him he followed.

Queen. It was
Hard, to dry the tears of gratitude by
Avarice.

Ham. So hard, that had my indignation
But dreamed on, sleep would have drawn his crooked
Logic out to straight conclusion, that the
Heir was privy to the mortal means of
Heritage.

Queen. But why, my son, should dreams disturb,

That are but dreams?

Ham. Ah mother! Gloom is not
A foe so generous, as to always tell
Us where he strikes. I felt the weight of his
Indefinite hand: and bidding care to search,
She thought she found it on my dreams. But wherefore,
As you say: Since Denmark's crown is doubly
Now secure, upon the fall of Fortinbras.
And though our death through sleep may come: If we
Are misers of this life, as all the wise
And happy are,—it is to pay the debt,
Without the pang of knowing it. And wherefore
Should an heir's ingratitude distress me?
Since all live to feel the wounds of thanklessness;
Which death ne'er flinches from. So mother, for
This time, I'll slight my dreams, although they threat
Me with a triple warning.

Queen. Then give thy
Sorrow place to greeting.——Let us prepare
A welcome to thy father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE SECOND.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CLAUDIUS *and* POLONIUS.

Claud. You said, Polonius, that Ophelia's age might not forbid her thoughts of love.

Pol. I did indeed, my lord.

Claud. Who are her suitors?

Pol. She has many.

Claud. What says our young Prince to that? He was the first.

Pol. He would say more, if he should be the last: for of love the text is true, that—last shall be first.

Claud. Is it so of Ophelia and the Prince?

Pol. Being the last locked in the heart, he is the first to come out when the lips do open it.

Claud. Hamlet's light love, I fear, makes him swim at the top of all hearts.

Pol. Ah! my lord, it's heavy with him now.

Claud. I lately saw him, with a cyprian on each arm: there's goodly weight.

Pol. Saw it?

Claud. Truly, good Polonius; and as I lost all hopes of our young Prince, I thought of poor Ophelia.

Pol. Is not his love—as't should be?

Claud. Where love's a trade, as seems with Hamlet, let the dealers well beware the tricks of it.

Pol. I'll sit upon the front of caution, and will thence look out.

Claud. Where is Laertes now?

Pol. In France, my lord. Ophelia has late letters from him, bearing full as much of counsel's shrewdness, as of love.

Claud. Does he know of Hamlet's passion?

Pol. Of friendly favors only.

Claud. Then prithee, hide it from him, good Polonius. There is no love between them; so that bare suspicion of aught else than honesty, in Hamlet, might make fealty forget allegiance.

Pol. He should know whate'er befits the duty of a brother.

Claud. Why went the king abroad, Polonius?

Pol. For Denmark's sake.

Claud. No more?

Pol. Not to the general ear.

Claud. Canst thou not think of else?

Pol. No, my lord.

Claud. Nor Ophelia?

Pol. Why she, my lord?

Claud. I thought she might have heard. Love that listens at the crevice, sometimes takes cold by it.

Pol. If you know aught of me or mine, I pray, impart.

Claud. You'll tell from whom you heard it.

Pol. Never, while secrecy is helpmate to my benefit.

Claud. Thy aged lips must swear it.

Pol. I do swear.

Claud. And yet I should not tell it to thee.

Pol. Who says—he knows a secret, does my lord, let out the larger end of secrecy: the other should not hold within the gap of prudence.

Claud. Well then, by private letters from the king, we are to have a Princess here of Norway's blood; and thus to join two crowns in Hamlet.

Pol. That cannot be; I have my special reasons.

Claud. Then let this news, Polonius, sleep awhile. I would not thus commingle wrong and pain, by making thee an evil messenger unto thy daughter.

Pol. Wilt thou, my lord, assist me with thy counsel?

Claud. With my good will, I'll strive to do the earnestness of thine.

Pol. For this, my lord, I'll be but more thy servant. Farewell. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Claud. Now, have I mixed some dark suspicion with this gray Credulity. Upon a knavish errand, he who has least sense, may sometimes do most service. He will use that doubt-o'erbalanced tongue of his, against the Prince; and try to serve his own weak wit's unserving,—by, what counsel can, when borrowed from the parrot's index.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Atten. Please your Grace, here's one who asks for entrance.

Claud. What condition wears he?

Atten. He has the custom of great condescension. His bows bend lower than his words: and then his words make haste in humbleness, to reach the ground before his bows.

Claud. Did you hear his name?

Atten. Not of his baptism. But by his jealous friends of like intent, he's called—the Serving Master of the people.

Claud. Bid him come in. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.

This must be he that Arno spoke of. Furloe, I think's his name. Now, to brew in his own atmosphere; I'll cloud him. Let us have wine, boy. To touch his lips with flavor of the best, may tempt his tongue's unwary freedom forth.

Enter SERVANT *with wine; and exit.*

There's truth, they say, in wine. I'll try if there is profit too.

Enter FURLOE.

Fur. I greet your lordship with good words of hope.

Claud. Here's welcome then to hope and thee.

[*They drink.*]

Fur. The people have resolved to make thee King, hereafter.

Claud. This news must have health-filling from us, now. [*They drink.*]

How happened this,—so soon,—so well?

Fur. It came of management; a thing done easily, if you will do it.

Claud. Use you no argument?

Fur. Yes, my lord;—your high-proof Danish flagon. It's called lip-logic by the leaders.

Claud. Then come; my gratitude shall kiss this great persuader. Here's to the sovereign people's king.

[*They drink.*]

Fur. This Rhenish has the cask's choice quality, my lord.

Claud. Better still; it hath the virtue of the hoop:—the end of its taste brings you to the beginning. Its quality makes thirst for itself.——Come, again.

[*They drink.*]

The earth's pure unbrewed fountain, by a thriftless quenching, makes o'erflowing cheapness. Wine is the leader, Furloe; water, but the common people.—No,—yes,—you see,—because they are so pure.

[*Here, Claudius exhibits a slight confusion of inebriety.*]

Come, leader to leader; take you this.

[*Claudius offers him more wine.*]

Fur. I dare no more, my lord.

Claud. In such a cause, then, I will dare for both. Thus Claudius drinks with Claudius.

[*He drinks successively from two glasses.*]

What broke this bond 'twixt Hamlet and the people?

Fur. It was so contrived, that Hamlet should appear far-fallen from himself. And now the rumor goes, that he holds nightly tours and revels with his wild companions:—insults the worthy populace:—makes riot ruinous to domestic peace:—bribes justice for his opportunities:—and then walks out by day, the modest Prince of Denmark. At last night's meeting, many voices rose against him. Whereat, the people, thus to cut off his succession, resolved themselves to choose the king hereafter: And would have thee live in expectation.

Claud. This is my soul's content. Then, here in double duty of this cup, I drink to Denmark's promised Royalty. [*Claudius drinks from a larger cup.*]

Fur. But what, my lord, of promised favors? Those who do this for thee,—live in expectation too.

Claud. They who thus would raise our seat of Royalty, shall crowd the steps around it.——I will reward my friends;—and smite my fallen enemies.

[*Claudius drinks again and shows increasing inebriety.*]

Fur. [*Aside.*] That's what the droll grammarian called—Bribery in the future tense:—and the superlative degree of Magnanimity.

Where shall I write myself in thy gifts?

Claud. Thy pen shall make its capitals, upon this heart of gratitude; and sign thy choice in Denmark's book of honor.

[*Claudius in wildness takes up a cup.*]

Wilt thou be cup-bearer?

Fur. My lord!

Claud. Yes; my gay heart would have thee merry-maker to the head.

Fur. You are ill, I fear, my lord.

Claud. Then I'll make thee Physician: so will others employ thee, merely to be drawn and die, of Royalty's time-serving Leech. 'Tis as sweet, to die for fashion, as for country.

[*Claudius shows increasing inebriety.*]

Fur. There is a wildness in your look.

Claud. [*Advancing with menace towards Furloe; who retires.*] Do not mock my favors. I will give thee every thing in honor, as proof that thou art nothing in desert: making thee so popular, that death shall be thy only enemy.

Fur. I beg, my lord—

[*Claudius, throughout the dialogue, still pursuing Furloe.*]

Claud. Then thou shalt be a Courtier; with a face that has dropped thinking, and stuck on—foolish care.

Fur. Who will believe this?

Claud. He that will not, let him be a worn out Professor, with no teeth to chew improvement: being like an infant at its father's funeral,—not knowing what it loses.

Fur. I pray you let me speak—

Claud. If thou speak too much, I'll have thy magpie Chattering invited to a public dinner, along with thy cormorant Ambition; to show that thy tongue can be as busy as thy teeth; and to teach thy ear—to digest Raw Flattery.

Fur. Sit down, my lord, and rest.

Claud. Then give me a seat at the farce of—*The Devil in his night gown;*—got up, to make the world believe that wickedness is going to sleep, in the cock-loft of the Scrap-Magazine Office.

Fur. [*Coming to the table, seizes the cups and throws them aside.*] At least, you must not drink again.

Claud. Then will I be a publican, with the hydrophobia, and the influence of a hundred drunken votes; snapping at our law-givers, to keep them from joining the Temperance society. Ho, there! more wine.

Fur. Hold, my lord, more will betray you quite.

Enter ARNO *hastily, dressed like Hamlet.*

Arno. I've broke upon your council—

Claud. This is the cunning parliament you spoke of. [*Claudius draws a dagger and makes towards Arno.*] Glorio!—now's the time.

[*Arno seeks protection from Furloe.*]

Fur. God stay thy hand.

[*Furloe interferes with Claudius.*]

Thy swimming eyes see not the Prince.

[*Claudius disengages himself from Furloe.*]

Claud. Then I'll feel for him.

[*Striking Arno, who falls.*]

Arno. Mercy, Claudius! 'tis I.

Claud. Yes, he's under the clothes.—So,—to sleep.

Fur. Look, my lord! Who hast thou slain?

Claud. Say, who'll now be king?

Arno. Thou shalt; and then remember—this Arno helped thee to it.

Claud. Arno? [*Claudius looks with a moment of attention on Arno.*] This sight confounds still more the sense, whose wild confusion made it. How came this Arno—Hamlet?

Arno. Of such mistakes as often fall on cunning. How came this Claudius—demon?

Claud. Sobriety, new-born of wonder, sees the cause within that damned cup.

Arno. Ambition, Claudius, is that damned cup, which to thy misty sense, could make a dagger seem the likeness of thy gratitude. That chief of wonders—Death, has made me sober too,—to find I've been thy dupe. But well I know, thy drunken hopes will come again, when thou hast thrown some sand of thy contrivance, on this spot of blood: and this prophetic hour, which cannot use a lie, sees other deeds of madness in thee. Hamlet, this revenged apparel tells me how I've wronged thee. [ARNO *dies.*

Claud. 'Tis done: and we must pack up this unlucky deed. Take in the body.

[*Furloe takes the body off.*]

This sudden soberness is as the starting of a fear-entangled dream, which frights away its own distraction.

Re-enter FURLOE.

What brought this chance?

Fur. He that by death is here unmasked, did with the dress and title of the Prince, about the suburbs raise, in acts of riot, such reports as soured the people's late good will to Hamlet. And this poor messenger, whom first I hear called Arno, came to tell thee of success.

Claud. I do repent me of his welcome.——But we must see the body safe: and whisper forth the deed, to somehow touch the Prince's riots or revenge. Now, on all this, lest brooding work thy implicated thought to speech, swear secrecy.

Fur. I swear.

Claud. Then go. [*Exit* FURLOE.

It was surprise that moved me: and as it passes off, I see that this poor wretch is only gone, as he was born to go.——I would not have done it: Yet the deed's as well, as if the time had come, to think—he knows too much of me.——Now here's another witness. Furloe swears indeed; but that's a politician's oath. His bible's bound with interest, and he merely kisses calculation. He has done me all the good he can: and safety whispers—he should have a mission, though it be to hell.—Let me see. The Royal nomination overruled,—and all the people loud for my succession. Young Hamlet then may live. He stands not in my way. Who does? My brother fills the place of Husband and of King; with promise of long life. The plan and means were long since ready: and now, the very moment serves. It is his custom in the afternoon,—to rest his royalty upon his garden couch. To do the deed through sleep,—is making nature partner in the sacrifice, who holds the victim down. Then quickly to it. The thing has consolation too, as well as consequence.

[*Exit* CLAUDIUS, *thoughtfully*.

SCENE THIRD.

A Public Place in Elsinore. On one side, the Palace, with the vista of a street. The windows of the whole illuminated. Music within the palace. While this continues, several citizens pass and repass before the scene. When the music ceases,

Two CITIZENS *remain.*

First Cit. No, the music is at the palace: and there, its saluting tongue speaks from the heart, a welcome to our king.

Second Cit. The banquet must be o'er. That measure was the leading step of beauty to the ball. Awhile, and we shall hear a merry tickling of the strings.

First Cit. Look all around! And see, how rich or plain soe'er the casement,—that light is light: and though high Nobles, there, give greeting smiles to majesty,—still, the humblest soul in Denmark is their peer in joy.

[*The music strikes the measure of a dance: Whilst this continues, the two citizens remain: others pass and repass. The scene then closes.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

An Apartment in Polonius' house

Enter POLONIUS *and* OCCLEVE.

Pol. Why, of the pastimes, played they not last night, some Piece—of welcome, to our king?

Occ. The Theatre, my lord, had best get up—a farewell, to itself: since speech has lost his soul and pitch-pipe—if he ever had one, there; and poetry has racked her joints to feebleness, in straining Common-place—to Stage-effective passion.

Pol. Yet this very mockery of art, might serve the vulgar sort for sport. Can we not have a farce?

Occ. It will not pay.

Pol. And why?

Occ. The world, that at its best was but a woful tragedy, is now upon the after-piece; and Players having free-tickets,—every one goes in for nothing.

Pol. Might they not get up a pantomime?

Occ. We've no dumb shows now-a-days, my lord: for harlequin, by turning chatterer, has got to be great minister of state. And clown is travelling in a dandy-suit, to teach awkwardness to his betters.

Pol. Do they not write plays now?

Occ. Oh yes? But then, the better they read, the worse they act.

Pol. That's very strange.

Occ. Strange indeed: for if the ear and intellect keep friends, then, what is fair to read, could be no worse,—to be well spoken. But now, it's all for *Stage Effect;* which, not to say it unkindly, is merely fool's rattle, to the drama's second childhood.

Pol. Is there not a host of actors now?

Occ. Ay, my lord, ten thousand: thus making by stage arithmetic,—one integer, and the rest cyphers. The more naughts in your plays for a Star, the more the first figure counts.

Pol. How are they—in quality?

Occ. All capable, yet careless. For, being snapped between the upper jaw of the poet, and the lower—of applause, they're seized at times with the moderation-phobia. Yet great ears, they plead, are the fashion of the House; therefore, wide mouths must follow: and thus, they've fashioned the house—out of fashion. But it's remarkable of the Muses, my lord, that when they go downhill they're all as closely hand-in-hand, as on the heights of Helicon. And since they've now got to Painting—earthquakes; it is but fellowship in taste, to Vociferate—thunder.

Pol. And this, they call nature! You see, Occleve, nature wont do.

Occ. My lord, the Stage will find, that when its Instincts change to Art,—'twill be a Speech-Played Music, and all aptly too; not the wild-set Gammut of the Woods.

Pol. What if the theatre should die the death of emptiness?

Occ. To refill it, they'll set the four-footers to work; for—*Business of the Stage* has become chief operative in the concern; the play-maker having nearly forgot the old dramatic seasoning of phrase and philosophy.——The dog Apollo, Tippoo the elephant, and the Great Kwako ape, have done wonders in the way of example,—by always knowing their parts, and being perfectly natural.

Pol. What other restorative?

Occ. A quadruped still,—the Siamese twins, fast at the middle, like a bar shot; so they carry all before them.

Pol. Are there no biped wonders?

Occ. They had, last hatching time, another infant Roscius:—Tom Thumb again.

Pol. I thought the red cow swallowed him.

Occ. A worse calamity still:—'twas the audience.

Pol. Can we not have a Puppet-show?

Occ. There's no chance of that now: since Punch has turned Doctor, and by some secret participial use of his own name, for the cure of dyspepsia, is in a fair way to become—the father of medicine.*

* All these characters, whether acting for the revival of the Stage, or for the advancement of Medicine, have, within a few years past, had their entrances and exits. But as this Play began with a professional purpose, that purpose should not be forgotten at its conclusion.

Of all the Panaccas, Nostrums, and Show-Remedies, which have received high professional patronage, in Philadelphia; none is more memorable than the hopeful excitement, produced about five years ago, among our Dyspeptics, by another bait for idle and nervous credulity. The remedy was secret for awhile; and was administered—in consideration of a solemn oath, and a round sum from the patient. Several eminent members of the Faculty gave it their

Pol. But do the Faculty approve of this?

Occ. Oh yes; and upon oath, go snacks in the mystery too.

Pol. Who's to be professor of this branch?

Occ. The actors, you mean, my lord. We're to have a stage for scientific theatricals in the University; that the people may be cured of indigestion, by shaking their own sides, at the foolery of Punch and the Doctors.

Pol. This will be something new.

Occ. No, my lord, 'tis an old play, by new actors; and an audience with eyes in their back,—who never see the folly of the plot, till they turn round in contempt from it. Yet so it is, with the experience of fools,—if you'll only go, you'll be sure to find the whole assembly, face-about, crying encore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE FIFTH.

Before the Palace.

Enter HAMLET *and* MARCELLUS, *from opposite sides.*

Mar. I joy, my lord, to find that light upon thy brow.

Ham. Ah! my good friend,—to know that the eye of Denmark looks on her king again, kindles mine to gladness.

patronage, by entering into its free-masonry. When its pretensions had run through all the influential hypochondriac names of the city,—a book, with the full proportion of technical theory, from the now Past-master, at once divulged the mystery, destroyed the virtue, and published the shame of the whole transaction. For then, this infallible process, equally efficacious with the father at fifty, and the daughter at sixteen, was found to consist merely in a forceful Kneading, or as the text implies, a Punching with the knuckles of the operator—*Proh pudor puellæ! credent amatores?—nudo in ventre.*

Mar. A longer stay, and Denmark would have caught the sickness of thy hope.

Ham. A great king's death is blindness to a realm. Then wonder not—the fearful absence of my father, spread the dimness of a sorrow.

Mar. Think it not strange, my lord; yet would I might avoid the stir, that Denmark makes in welcome.

Ham. And why, Marcellus?

Mar. The welcome is a cause.

Ham. Of what?

Mar. That I must say farewell.

Ham. To whom?

Mar. To thee, my good lord.

Ham. Not to our love, Marcellus?

Mar. No, my lord; but to thy departure: which, though it takes from the eye, rather adds to the heart.—— When go you back to Wittenberg?

Ham. To tell of the date, Marcellus, is as the mock death of friendship. Though the day must come, it may grant joy between; to fix it, makes its sadness now.—— But to catch at the mirth that passes, here's folly with his cap in his hand: come, let us seem to be generous, by filling his emptiness with its own contents.

Enter OSRIC.

Osric. My lord—

Ham. Stop. Thou speakest without words; therefore I'll tell thee the whole of thy business.

Osric. Now, my lord?

Ham. Yes, now sir, and so forever. For, being but a thing of to-day, thy now is thy always. Thus—

Osric. My lord, I came—

Ham. Not a word. Thou camest to talk of thyself, so say—nothing, and thy errand is done. But I am myself disposed to idleness: then turn about, and I'll follow thee home to vacancy. Farewell, Marcellus.

[*Exeunt* HAMLET *and* OSRIC.

Mar. [*To Hamlet going.*] Farewell, my lord. I give thee joy, that thou hast the gay company of thy own merriment,—to stop the prating of that fool-fellow.

Enter BERNARDO *and* FRANCISCO.

What now, Bernardo! Come you to hold the watch, before the sun has yet put out his sentinel-light?

Ber. It was the order of an almost breathless messenger,—to set the guard upon the terrace here: but wherefore, or to what intent of safety, I know not.

Mar. Went there no word of cause, to make your duty sure?

Ber. A soldier's duty is his cause; and I am here.

Mar. Heard you no rumor of this mystery?

Ber. Not this, but yet another. For hasting through the market square, with neither eyes aside, nor words of idleness, we heard at hand, a crowd of voices, with Claudius' name a-top of all the clamor.

Mar. Think you of revolt, Bernardo?

Ber. I know not, yet am ready.

Mar. Went other order, like to yours?

Ber. Francisco here, heard say—the lower guard were bid to invest the royal orchard.

Mar. Why this is stranger still.—The orchard, say you?

Ber. It was Francisco?

Fran. Yes, your liege, the orchard.

Mar. What need of guards about the orchard? This is the hour the king should take his customary rest.

Ber. Ay, Marcellus, and there my wonder grew,—if aught could break on his 'secure hour.'

Mar. Think you of treason, Bernardo?

Ber. I know not what. But be sure, there is abroad some dangerous fear or fearful danger.

Mar. What else heard you?

Ber. Nothing; but saw much running to and fro.

Mar. There's Occleve with a face of wo, that needs no words for the amount of it.

Ber. And here comes the Lord Polonius, in haste enough for the unsatisfied.

Mar. Yet looking more agog with news, to bring its firstlings than its nature.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Yes, he's gone. The king is dead.

Mar. No! What! Dead say you?

Pol. Yes,—in the orchard.

Mar. 'Tis his sleeping hour; it cannot be.

Pol. Death is a surety, Marcellus. Therefore I say—the king is dead.

Mar. Then where's the Prince? I'll to him.

[*Marcellus going, Polonius preventing him.*]

Pol. Stay from that scene. The Prince knows all; and with the household, leads in fulness of his tears.

Mar. And I will follow, close of heart.

[*Marcellus going, Polonius again preventing him.*]

Pol. By your duty, Marcellus, you must not. It is forbid.

Ber. The story, good Polonius.—Say where, and how, and what?

Pol. In the orchard, as I said, the king had staid beyond his usual hour. The messenger in search, there found him—quiet and cold.

Mar. What cause appeared?

Pol. He lay, but deeper sunk than sleep, upon his usual couch.

Mar. Found the first search no track of visitation?

Pol. No sign, save upon near approach, a serpent's rustle in the grass: and hence the rumor spread—that death came by this serpent's sting. No mark of fang was there; but yet well-nigh the ear, a blood-like drop,—more spilt than shed.

Mar. This mystery of death, makes fancy's wavering ever stir affliction. To know the cause, might give us hope to bear it.

Pol. New thoughts—of royalty will soon make older thoughts—of grief.

Mar. Such words are cold and courtier-like; and ill befit our gratitude.

Pol. Without a throne, whom shall we honor?

Mar. Honor ourselves: and make not majesty a

Favor-gallows, that upon the state of others we may hang.—But since gray age must have his baubles, I will seek some child that now forgets its toys, and beg for tears, to mingle sorrows with them.

[*Exit* MARCELLUS.

Pol. And I will see the due array of pomp, that makes the glory of a breathless king. The body lies to-night, within the chapel.

Ber. There let us meet: you, to look upon your rites,—and hope in coming royalty; I, to look back upon the last of kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE SIXTH.

The Chapel of the Palace.

Enter in procession—the body of the King, borne on a bier; followed by CLAUDIUS, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, MARCELLUS, OSRIC, BERNARDO, *and other attendants.*

Pol. Here set the body down; since Death has closed
Those helping wings of favor, that would've made
The burthen light. [*The bier is set down.*]

Osric. There lies he now in state:
And courtly custom has its satisfaction.

Occ. There let him lie, in gratitude and love;
Whilst dimming tears distort these ceremonies,
To such monsters as they seem.

Claud. And let a
Brother pray.—Peace to his soul, who was our King.

Mar. Ay! all himself the king;—sufficient
For his office. His works were of his own
Sole counsel,—sole mandate,—and sole choice of
Instrument:—so rare in one, this three-fold
Branch of Rule. His good was all his own: and

If offender, being still the bail, he
Never laid the sins of power, among the
Massed iniquities of that state-tricking thing—
A Cabinet: which in reprisal, often
Makes a dupe of unsuspecting majesty;
And through dissolving safety, gets dismissal
Only,—when it should be hanged.
Beneath his
Reign, the foreign ministerial buzzards
Of ambition,—who along the tainted
Air of man's corrupting strife, snuff eager
Towards the hopeful troubles of a state,—found
Other haunts, where arts of stale diplomacy
Strew empires with the carcases of war:
Starved from the wholesome region of our throne,
All-purified to Denmark's blessedness.

[HAMLET *speaks, unseen.*]

Let me mourn anywhere; last of your train,
So not the least in grief.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Hamlet's heart came
Here, before his tongue.

[*He approaches the bier.*]

Now, let the sandy
Desert smile, which breeds not aught that knows of
Death: but let these green and habitable parts
Rain tears, where useless life seems deathless; and
Such noble breath thus fails before its time.

Mar. Nature, my lord, had been most jealous, if
Aught other than her will had summoned—him,
Her glory.

Ham. Thou instrument of death!—serpent,
Or, what else; whether design or chance; heaven's
Quiet messenger, or hand of violence
Unknown to us, yet witness of a trembling
Conscience now,—why, when you came to kill, stood
You not fixed a moment to your aim? The

Brutal—stupid, the nobler wicked—rapt,
Until some dream, ah! then life's only chance,
Had shook his perilous sleep?
Mar. O come, my lord,
These thoughts but set a larger sorrow on
The sight. I pray thee, leave the scene.

[*Marcellus leading Hamlet off, Hamlet turns towards the body.*]

Ham. There lies
A king, Marcellus! No, Death is the king;
And has no under titles. There was, as he
Now lies,—a man, so even and so apt
In quality, that nature's finisher found nothing
To supply or trim for his perfection.
If then her first,—not less her last: for all
That's best of her's in him, is heirless: and
I am but his son. That thought obeys thee,
Good Marcellus. So I'll leave this gage of
Greatness, whose vast measure counts me—nothing.
Mar. Come then, my lord.
Ham. Hereafter, my good friend,
I shall be mustered with the miserable.
For time past, I have worn their livery on
My heart. Now, for their outward suits of deeper wo.

[*Exeunt* HAMLET *and* MARCELLUS.

THE END.

Errata.—Page 12, line 26, in some copies, for altogether, read entirely.
Page 45, line 33, for Where'er, read Whene'er.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE
Health, Education, and Welfare, Public Health Service
U.S. Department of Bethesda, Md.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE
U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Public Health Service
Bethesda, Md.

MAR 3 1966

BOUND BY HM

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE
NLM 03206480 2